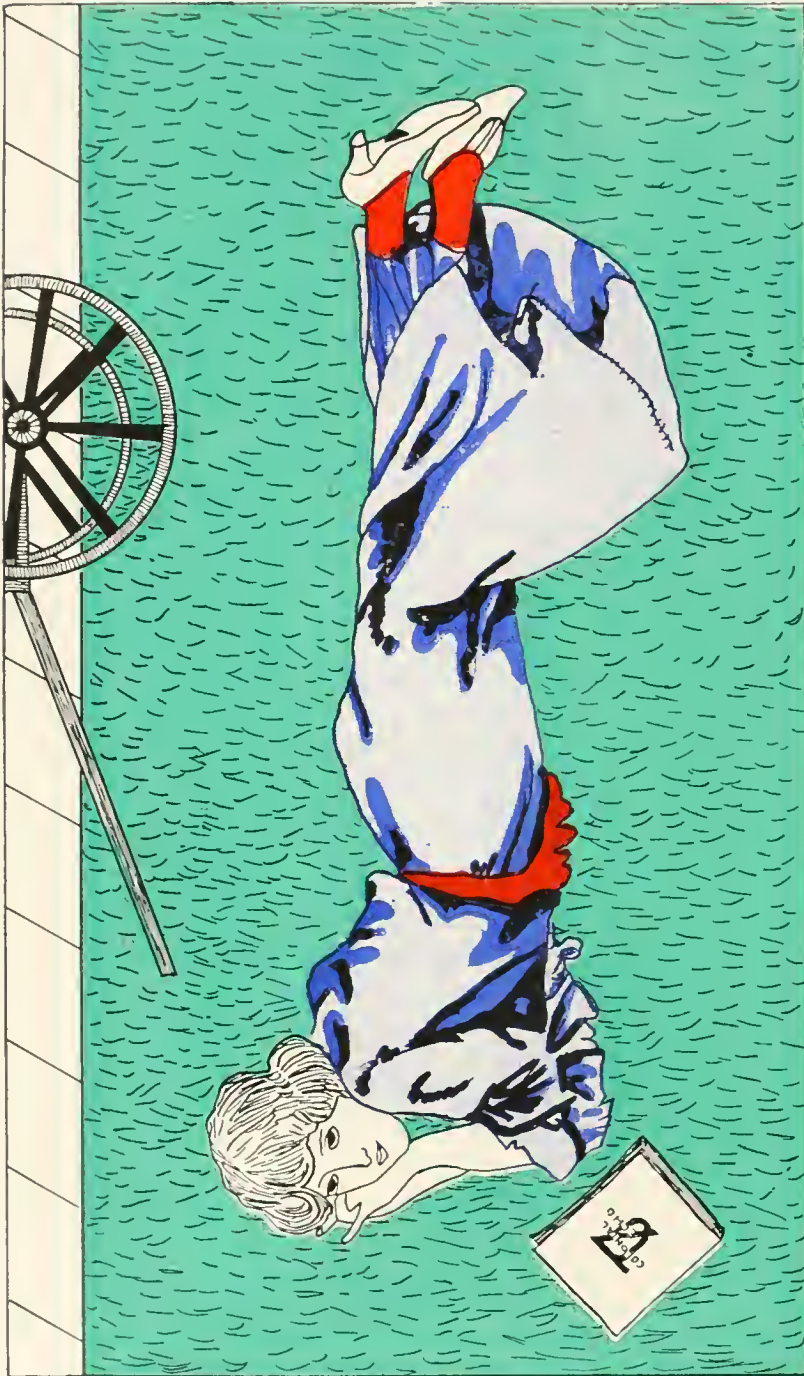


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The Colonial Echo

Published by the Students of the College of William and Mary
Williamsburg, Virginia



THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN



DEDICATION

In
T. Archibald Carey
a former member of the
Board of Visitors of
William and Mary College
and a
loyal and generous friend
to her students



T. ARCHIBALD CAREY

*Good friends, a book in which to look,
To see the sights that bring delights
And fondest recollections*





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SOCIAL ED.



C. H. CRAWFORD
ART ED.



H. H. YOUNG
YMCA ED.



R. B. DADE
J. B. ED.



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FACULTY

Requested by editor Ed Shewmake,
for the Echo. Ed later became a
judge in Newport News, Virginia

Our Campus

I strolled beneath the shady elms,
One balmy spring-time day,
And breathed the fragrance of the flowers
That bloom in merry May.
The modest little violet
And dandelion were there,
And golden, shining buttercups
Were scattered everywhere.

The snowy webs that floated down
From massive cottonwood trees,
And scurried o'er the wavy grass
With every balmy breeze,
Drifted along the pebbly walk
Like snow, so pure and white,
And by the children in their play
Again were put to flight.

The live-oak at the college gate,
Stood pointing as of yore,
With outstretched arm and stately mien,
To his maternal shore.
Lord Botetourt stood silent there,
Majestic, grand and tall,
To guard the dear old college,
With its ivy-covered wall.

In the foliage overhead,
And 'mongst the lilac leaves,
I heard the blue-bird and the wren
And martin under the eaves.
Thus strolling 'neath the stately trees,
The noblest thoughts arise,
And carry my ambitions high,
Beyond the azure skies.

JAMES WILLIAM GOSSMAN.

L. W. Gossman, P.O. Bx 2002
LONG BEACH
CALIFORNIA

1960.



MOTTO

"*Veni, vidi, vici.*" which, according to our translation, means,
 "We came, we saw, we conquered."

PROPHECY

"That each one of us has already become a great man."

POEM

"Hark! the morning bugle sounding,
 All the world stands still and aghast;
 Out in the world to duty bounding,
 Goes the well-trained M. A. Class."

YELL

Hooray, Hooray!
 Si-ss! Boom! Ba!
 M. A. Seven!
 Ra! Ra! Ra!

MEMBERS

R. B. DADE, PRESIDENT	J. TYLER
J. B. TERRELL	
W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH	

M. A. Class of '07

JOHN TYLER

Illustrious descendant of the president of the United States and son of the *late* president of William and Mary College.

Date of his birth is a family secret but it is thought by many to have been about 1870, when big feet were fashionable. Characteristics are not unlike those of other quadrupeds; has four feet (two in each shoe), and has frequently been heard to grunt when the dinner bell rings.

Length, about seven feet; weight, 150 pounds in sock feet, 175 pounds with shoes on. Dress: dark green trousers, with black, greasy coat to match; wears a smile in place of a necktie and uses swamp-grass for shoe-strings. On state occasions, however, wears full dress suit inherited from his grandfather; has dark hair and large greenish gray eyes; speaks several languages more fluently than English and has good *understanding*. Vocation: wholesale and retail consumer of fruits, breadstuffs and peanuts. Avocation: playing tennis and chewing the rag. Records show that he entered college under the reign of Col. Ben Ewell and has been a candidate for the B. A. since 1888.

"Take him all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

ROBERT BEVERLY DADE

Descent: consult Darwin on Evolution. Thought by geologists to have been born in the mountains of Loudoun County, Virginia, and is the only proof we have that babboons inhabited that country before the flood. Age: unknown. Entered college in 1697, where he was a faithful student of arithmetic until the college was destroyed by fire in 1863; returned in 1888, and has since been an annual applicant for the M. A. degree. Height: two yards. Weight: depends on number of pounds of tobacco he has in his month.

Style: doubtful-brown eyes, white shiny head (hair is missing—due probably to anti-deluvian football scrimmages and other causes incident to love and old age). Dress: rain coat and pajamas. Diet: microbes and bugs. Vocation: chewing tobacco. Avocation: spitting.

"His steps are feeble and his words are few, but God made him, so let him pass for a man."

WILLIAM RASTUS WRIGGLESWORTH

Better known as "Billy Wiggletail." Descent: English-Scotch-Irish, with a trace of German; born in England and unfortunately emigrated to this country in childhood; has lived in Amelia County, Virginia, since the Revolution, with the exception of the annual nine months spent at college. Date of entrance at college: unknown, due to destruction of Faculty records by fire in 1863. His M. A. theses, thirteen in number, constitute his most noteworthy literary attempts and register the number of years he has been a candidate for that honor. Age: fluctuating. Dimensions: five feet each way. Style: tan-colored hair; very fascinating red eyes and rather bozy complexion; walks like a man far younger in years and talks like a man who has a great deal of nothing to say. Vocation: curate and choir-song-ster. Avocation: arming the *Brotherhood* and running for "most popular man."

"What a piece of work is man—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

JOHN BAYNHAM TERRILL

Biped of the prehistoric era; thought by some to be the monster whom Pluto placed as guard over the "Golden Fleece."

Descent: unknown, for the eye of man hath never beheld nor has the geologist ever unearthed any other fossil just like him; he is supposed, however, to be a descendant of Polyphemus; he is kept on exhibition along with other fossil remains in the Science Hall Museum.

Height: estimated to be about as high as the college bell-tower; his face, as seen from a distance, resembles a rugged landscape.

NOTE.—As he is a member of the Faculty, that body has passed resolutions forbidding the publication of his age and the number of years he has spent at college.

For further information see "Puck."

"The observed of all observers" and a fitting climax to the 4 A. M.'s of Naughty-Seven.



M. A. CLASS

Sonnet

TO THE MONUMENT AT YORKTOWN

Into the deathless past with raptured eyes
I gaze upon long-vanished scenes afar,
And live again amid the shock and jar
Of strife and turmoil and a country's cries:
I see upon Virginia's soil arise
A nation born 'mid thunders and 'mid war:
As fading out beyond the eastern bar
Old England's dream of empire slowly dies.
The message of the past forevermore
I hear adown the troubled ages' sweep:
"America, thou land of Freedom's choice,
Rest thou awhile from Industry's dull roar,
And hearken thou from Commerce, that thou keep
Thy heart responsive unto Freedom's voice."

M. A. Class History

AN ATTEMPT to record the important events of the M. A. Class of William and Mary marks the beginning of a new era, for this is the first organization of the kind, at William and Mary. To-day, I see before me the names and statistics of four men—John Tyler, Billy Wrigglesworth, J. B. Terrell, and the Historian, candidates for their master's degree who, five years ago, were ushered into a new life. How they have occupied themselves during their stay at college is manifested in their works; consequently, the task of the Historian is short. They have had sorrows, they have had joys; they have had failures, they have had success; which is true life, for all life is a comparison, and without the hardships, smooth sailing would mean failure.

But they have drunk deep at the Pierian font; and sweet were the last draughts, for can you draw a picture more attractive than one in which the occupant stands upon the threshold of an undiscovered field with all of its ornate beauties, beckoning the about-to-be invader into its glorious labyrinths where there is a possibility at least of stories and ideas being finished and satisfied? Enough for the idea of research. But would it be saying too much to add that they are equipped with the philosophy of religion and the philosophy of life? If that be so, then they are valuable citizens and the praise is to our Alma Mater. They realize the value of high ideals and of social service and appreciate educational efforts. They, by now, have dealt sufficiently in the stock of humanity to comprehend its constituents and to know their relative positions. But says Portia, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels would have been churches and poor men's cottages palaces." Here it is no small comfort to say knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and it is this fact after all that satisfies the human mind. Knowledge slips away while wisdom and discrimination make the difference between heaven and earth. They have learned in the words of Herbart that the wants of the future man must be incorporated into the teachings of children. They are men who are free from bonds of prejudice, whose minds are open to receive the truth regardless of its source because the intelligent love of right has made them so.

However, it is not the intention of the Historian to mislead anyone in regard to the character of these men; granting, though, that they are serious fellows, let us examine a few facts, for the smallness of the class and the close fellowship will permit this with impunity. If my prophetic pen were indulged to the extent of allowing one guess as to the future occupation of these men, I would say "teaching." Whatever their occupation may be, turn backward for a few years and recall an occasion when you met John Tyler in the College hall with knee trousers and number nine shoes and say you refrained from asking those shoes where they were carrying that boy, and see what the class says. But time works

some wondrous changes; and in a session or two when John captured the Benjamin Stedard Ewell Math. Medal, he showed the material of which he was made. Still greater was the surprise when the fact became known that the same gentleman was declared the winner of the William Barton Rogers Scholarship, thus entitling him to the privilege of a year's work at the Boston School of Technology.

So we might continue to reveal the evolution of this man, but lack of space and time necessitates our hastening on to one J. B. Terrell, the distinguished man of college affairs. To him was awarded the Final Orator's Medal of 1903-04; the Literary Magazine Prose Medal of 1904-05, and Final Debater's Medal of 1905-06; so, you will not be surprised to know that he represented William and Mary at the State Oratorical Contest in 1905-06. Last session Dr. Garrett found he needed an assistant in Chemistry and Physics, which position settled on J. B., illustrating the old familiar adage that some have greatness thrust upon them. However, Dr. Garrett was so well pleased with J. B.'s work that he had him made Associate-Professor the following session, and now there only remains a thesis to be handed in by him before he will be declared a Master of Arts. In 1905-06 the associate Literary editorship of THE COLONIAL ECHO came to this man, which was filled so admirably that it necessitated his being elected Editor-in-chief of THE COLONIAL ECHO—which position he now occupies and in which position the Historian will leave him, for having climbed to this, your imagination can furnish you with some idea as to his accomplishment between the acts.

Finally we turn to Billy Wrigglesworth.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Gentle, wise, enthusiastic boy, has occupied every position in the gift of the students, yet his meek and unaffected grace remains. He does not believe in advertising, a principle quite contrary to our times, yet none the less discredited on that account. What you find out about him comes through your own research, for which you may consider well invested time, the last of your work being the best. When Billy graduated last year, as president of the class, a local philosopher, not knowing that he would return, remarked, "Some one will have a good teacher this year."

So the story runs, and, if all were told, would continue indefinitely; but if you have formed some faint idea as to the ability of these men, then the work of the Historian has been accomplished. If the meed of praise be too great, say the fault is mine and let it stand, for in four years of close acquaintance, shortcomings are more than balanced by common ties; so, if you are not answered, you will wait for experience or never know.



To Thee

O many are the smiling, laughing eyes;
O many are the cheeks with blushes fair;
And many are the curving lips and red;
And many are the locks of waving hair.

But smiling eyes alone are tiresome things;
And blushing cheeks are wearisome, I think;
And curving lips and waving locks! Ah, no!
'Tis not to these alone that I would drink.

Yet, maybe, I would drink a toast to these;
For now it seems such things most fair can be;
Yes, drink to eyes and blushes, lips and hair,
But eyes and blushes, lips and hair of thee.

—G. O. FERGUSON, JR.

Senior Class

MOTTO

"Homines sumus: humani nil a nobis alienum putamus."

COLORS: Black and Maroon.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

YELL: Hi, yi, yip!
Hi, yi, yap!
Seniors, Seniors!
Rip, rip, rap!

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Bloxom, Va.

Philomathean; Final Executive Committee '05-'06-'07; Medal in Physical Culture '03-'04; Gymnasium Team '03-'04-'05; Football Team '04-'05-'06-'07; Baseball Team '03-'04-'05-'06-'07; Captain of Baseball Team '06-'07; Executive Committee of A. A. '06-'07; Diplomas in Education, Philosophy, and Politics '05-'06; L. I. Degree '05-'06; Magazine Staff '06-'07.



COLEMAN BERNARD RANSONE,
Port Haywood, Va.

Philomathean; L. I. Degree; Diplomas in Education, Philosophy, and American History and Politics; Vice-President Philomathean '05-'06; Final Secretary Philomathean '05-'06; Dramatic Club '05-'06; Gym Team '03-'04, '04-'05; Relay Team '06-'07; Vice-President Junior Class '05-'06; Business Manager Dramatic Club '06-'07; Chairman Executive Committee of Philomathean '06-'07; Art Editor of THE COLONIAL ECHO '06-'07; Secretary Senior Class '06-'07; President Athletic Association '06-'07.

GEORGE OSCAR FERGUSON, JR.,
Leesburg, Va.

K. Σ Phoenix; 21 Club, K. O. F.;
L. I. Degree '05; Diploma in Education
'05; Football Team '03-'04, '04-'05,
'06-'07; Class Football Team '02-'03;
Executive Committee Athletic Associa-
tion '03-'04; President Phoenix '04-'05,
'06-'07; Final Debater Phoenix '02-'03;
Orator's Medal, Phoenix '04-'05; Final
President Phoenix '06-'07; Historian
Class '04-'05; President Class '06-'07;
Magazine Staff '06-'07; Annual Staff
'04-'05, '06-'07.



ALFRED THOMAS HOPE,
Hopeton, Va.

Recording Secretary of Philomathean
Literary Society '03-'04; Treasurer of
Junior '05-'06; Treasurer of Philo-
mathean Literary Society '06-'07; Vice-
President of Senior Class '06-'07; Final
Secretary of Philomathean Literary
Society '06-'07; Diploma in Education
'06; L. I. Degree '06.

JAMES FITZGERALD JONES.

K. I. Baseball Team '01; Chief Marshal
Phoenix '01; Vice-President Phoenix;
Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club
'05-'06-'07; Senior Class Historian '07.



GAIUS LIVIOUS HADDON JOHNSON,
Unity, Va.

Σ. φ. Ε. Philomathean; President
Sophomore Class '04-'05; Vice-President
Dramatic Club '04-'05; President Philo-
mathean '04-'05; Chairman Final Exec-
utive Committee '04-'05; Final Orator's
Medal '05-'06; President Philomathean
'05-'06, '06-'07; Assistant Manager Base-
ball Team '05-'06; Manager Baseball
Team '06-'07; Diplomas in Education
and Philosophy '06; Historian Intro-
ductory Class '06-'07; Final President
Philomathean '07; Art Editor COLONIAL
Echo '05-'06; Literary Editor COLONIAL
Echo '06-'07; Exchange Editor College
Magazine '06-'07; Class Football Team
'05-'06; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '05-'06;
Senior Class Prophet '06-'07.

Politics: This is the fruit of my labors.

HERBERT HELDRUFF YOUNG,
Aquasco, Md.

Philomathean: Recording Secretary '03-'04; Improvement Orator's Medal '03-'04; President Philomathean '04-'05, '05-'06; Vice-President '06-'07; Final President '05-'06; Final Orator's Medal '04-'05; Final Executive Committee '06-'07; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. '03-'04, '04-'05; President of Y. M. C. A. '05-'06, '06-'07; Delegate to the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Nashville, Tennessee, '05-'06; Diplomas in American History and Politics, History and Philosophy; Second Football Team '05-'06; Y. M. C. A. Editor COLONIAL ECHO '06-'07; Treasurer of Junior Class '04-'05; Valedictorian Senior Class '06-'07.



JOHN TYLER ELLIS,
Shawsville, Va.

K. Σ. Λ. I. Degree; Diplomas in Science and Pedagogy; Philomathean '03-'04; Twenty-One Club; German Club; Tennis Championship '05; Gymnasium Medal '02-'03; Football Team '06; Basket-ball Team '05-'06, '06-'07; Manager Basket-ball Team '06-'07; Gymnasium Team '02-'03, '03-'04.

GEO. E. ZACHARY.

Phoenix; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer of Phoenix '04-'05; Vice-President and Literary Critic of Phoenix; Final Secretary of Phoenix '05; Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis Club '05-'06; President of Tennis Club '07; Received Diplomas in Economics, Philosophy and General History.



ARCHER LEE BLACKWELL.
Reedsville, Va.

H. K. A. Diploma in French '05;
Diplomas in Mathematics, History and
American History and Politics '06.

CHARLES CLARENCE DURKEE,
Columbia, Va.

Σ. Φ. E. Phoenix; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. '03; Vice-President and Secretary of Phoenix '04; Treasurer of the Glee Club '06; Vice-President of Phoenix '06; Chairman of Phoenix Final Executive Committee '05; Phoenix Final Secretary '06; Diplomas in Latin, Philosophy and General History.



JOHN HOLIVID BOWEN,
Hampton, Va.

Σ. Φ. E. Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary Philomathean '05-'06; Recording Secretary Philomathean '05-'06; Improvement Medal in Debate Philomathean; Member of Executive Committee Philomathean '06-'07; President Philomathean '06-'07; Final Orator '06-'07.



JOHN TYLER.

A. S. Philomathean; Vice-President of Philomathean '04-'05; Champion Tennis Doubles '01-'05; Mathematics Medal '01-'05; William Barton Rogers Scholarship '04-'05; Parliamentary Critic of Philomathean '06-'07; Manager of Tennis Club '06-'07; Diploma in Science '03-'04; Diploma in Philosophy '04-'05; Diploma in Mathematics '04-'05.

LUTHER CAMPBELL LINDSLEY,

Manassas, Va.

"Let other mouths speak my praises."

Senior Class History

IF with good grace I could say that four long years ago we entered the halls of our College and organized ourselves into a verdant aggregation later known as the Class of '07, and then record the accomplishments and achievements of that class from that important event to the present time, then the composition of this paper would indeed be an easy matter. But as the history of this class is not of the class collectively but of each and every member of the class in his relation to it, and as the history of each of these gentlemen is locked secure against my designs, the Historian feels himself almost incapable of performing his task. Or, if this were a history of men who had passed through life victorious and great, the Historian would willingly embrace his duty. But it is not—it is the history of men who, far from having passed through life, have just entered it. When they entered College they began the second period in their lives; the period of life-work. The student when he prepares his first lecture has entered this period as much so as the boy who performs his first task in the business in which he is engaged. The difference between the two is that the boy who goes straightway to business enters active life, while the college man enters a life devoted to education for activity—not education complete and infallible, but education which we choose to call the primer of success. Our class has passed through this stage; and its members now stand upon the threshold of life ready and eager to begin the long and bitter struggle. They are answering the national call, which is raised from every pursuit in life,—the call for young, live, educated Americans. Because this is a history of such characters is the reason why it is so difficult to write.

I am really unable to begin. I hardly know whether first to consider those amorous youths of the class whose entrance into this city might be likened to the entrance of a hive of bees into a garden of flowers, so speedily did they become enamoured with the alluring representatives of Venus nearby; or, on the other hand, to give first honors to those whose admiration for Bacchus has on some few rare and lamentable occasions quite exceeded their discretion. Judging, however, from the starts of some of my classmates at the mention of lovely Venus, and the starts of some at the mention of dear Bacchus, and the starts of some at the mention of both, I fear if I continue further along this line I shall incur their displeasure.

Theoretically, says the wag, we were born as a class in the fall of 1903, but in reality, many years before. Be that as it may, the fact that the class was born is not to be disputed—1903 being used as the date only for its appropriateness. Facts relating to the actual birth of the class, it must be confessed, are rather obscure, and the whole event has an atmosphere of doubt around it. However, the records show that in 1903 eighty-five or ninety masses of “green shapeless matter” entered the halls of William and Mary. Though the many attempts that were made at organization proved futile, it is to these phenomena, veritable crystals of ignorance, that we owe our existence as a class. And more remarkable, these were the immature substances, “Dues,” from which have evolved the finished and polished products, Seniors.

On the return to College in 1901 the frightened and abashed "Dues" were suddenly and completely metamorphosed into the merciless and overbearing "Soph." On the heads of the unassuming, ignorant Freshmen he heaped revenge of an unmentionable character and degree. There was no flush of shame on the cheek of the Sophomore when reproached for his unfatherly attitude toward the Freshmen, for to him it was a sacred and inviolable duty to keep the "Dues" in check. Of this period in our history we are not too proud, though it was during it that we began to take our shape.

As the innocent and harmless Freshman was transformed into the bitter and revengeful Sophomore, so this same Sophomore was transformed into the solemn and pompous Junior. As a Junior he laid aside, so to speak, his vindictiveness, and abhorred or pretended to abhor the vile expression of the animal within him which had been so woeful to the interests of Freshmen. His ambition was to be a Senior; and the one year between him and his goal he passed in practicing the mien which distinguished, so unmistakably, the Senior from his college mates.

One little accustomed to college life might well ask in gazing around a college campus, who those beings were, who, gowned in black and with square-topped caps on their heads, paced slowly and solemnly up and down the campus walks. To such a person these personages might seem worthy of well-nigh reverence. But to the one who has accompanied these Jasons throughout their whole conquest of the "golden fleece," and to whom the above sight is familiar, there is little cause for wonder. This person finds no difficulty in converting these "potent, grave and reverend" Seniors into frightened and very insignificant Freshmen. He can remember when this Senior was far from being the finished speaker, when this one had not sung his first lyric, when this one had not planned his first campaign, and this one was not so versed in Cupid's lore. But because he can remember the Senior when he was in his primitive, aboriginal state, "duchhood," and can recognize the transformation that has taken place, we claim and receive his admiration. To him that certain refinement of the Senior, which characterizes his every action, that polish of education, the result of the evolution which has occurred in four long-short years, is worthy of admiration, knowing, as he does, the stages that were passed through in its attainment.

And so the class graduates. At the gates of our now dear Alma Mater its fifteen members, a "survival of the fittest," glance gratefully, as well they may, at the College halls, and then depart, each going his way.

And real active life is entered upon. They are leaving one life known and mastered, and entering another unknown and unmastered. If they live the latter as they have lived the former, always with honesty to the one avowed purpose, we can feel safe as to their future. With Longfellow's admonition we let them depart:

"In the great broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

HISTORIAN.



PROPHECY 07

THE day was done. The Goddess Night had unfolded her great ebony wings across the humid landscape. All was dark without save where the pale moonbeams broke through the open foliage of the campus elms, as if seeking out some hidden lovers. Such a night was this when that august body of men, known as the "Class of Naughty-Seven," assembled themselves together to decide who should be their leaders in disposing of the great world before them.

After much discussion and many eloquent speeches, it was deemed advisable that all assignments be made by a committee. At this suggestion a grave and potent member of this body, who had just been inaugurated as its chief, arose to his feet, and in a dignified and royal manner he addressed the assembly: "Sir Knights of ———, upon your brows still rest the bloom of youth and primity. True you have won your coveted honor; you now wear the full armour for which you have long struggled; you have paid fealty to your lords, but you are just prepared for the beginning of a battle the like of which you have never experienced in your short service; and now, as you receive the commission to gird on your armours and go forth into a broader service, you stand aghast, fearing to take one step lest you aim too high and lose all. And so, in order that each of you may receive a just assignment in this great kingdom, which is yours partly by conquest but most of all by inheritance, you must select a consignor who has the power of foretelling your destiny—a prophet."

When the noble chieftain had thus finished and resumed his seat, silence reigned supreme. To whom shall we entrust this great duty of sealing our destiny? Who is able to wrest from the future her guarded secrets, and reveal them to these anxious souls? Suddenly a voice broke the long silence by exclaiming, "Speak prophet, if thou be among us!" But no response was heard. Up bounded this corps of young and thoughtless Knights, and, pointing directly at me, said in unison: "Go out and commune with the departed spirits that thou mayest tell us what things await our efforts." Knowing myself to be "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," I trembled at the great and superhuman task which had been thrust upon me. I realized the great responsibility and my utter inability to delve into the future lives of my waiting comrades. And as I sat among them, thinking of how the Druid priest was given the sublime power of presaging the ruin of pristine Rome; and how the ancient prophets foretold of a new creation, I began to feel still more my insignificance. I tested my vision and found that its compass was limited, and I knew that all effort would be futile without some superhuman aid. But I must presage the destiny of these men! How can I do it? All the time my fellow-laborers were growing more restless to know their fate. I raised my eyes towards the great arc light above us, but it told me nothing. I wondered vigorously.

To be sure, we must have disturbed the sleeping dead beneath us, for, just at this moment, a strange apparition entered our midst, bearing the likeness of Peyton Randolph. He drew from out a dingy quiver a saber more brilliant and magic than Excalibur, and, in tones more divine than human, he spoke: "Grapple this to thy breast so that no one may wrest it from thee, and, when thou hast departed unto thyself, thou shalt see visions; and after many days thou shalt come again unto these thy comrades and tell them what things thou hast seen and done."

I took the sparkling saber and lashed it to my bosom and departed into a secret place, as the strange visitor had commanded. Immediately I felt a wonderful change coming over me. And, as if held by some magic power, my thoughts blended into infinity, and I beheld both past and future. The things which I saw were amazing, and filled me with both joy and sorrow, for many of my former opinions were reversed and many of my hopes were fulfilled.

Although I beheld many things of which I had never dreamed before and which the world knew not of, and although my prospective was one of incommensurable extent, I was able to limit my flying thoughts to a hitherto dark and unknown future.

After I had thus beheld the whole scope of existence, and desired to see and know the future of my individual college mates, at my own command everything about me was covered with darkness. Then quickly there appeared before me a magnificent scene which seemed to depict the life in some great city. I took one step toward the beautiful picture that I might better understand and appreciate its

grandeur; and immediately I found myself passing down a great street, as only one among thousands, who were wending their way towards a great building. Feeling somewhat amazed with my surroundings, I began to question some of the maddened throng as to what this great commotion meant. I was told that the city was Washington, the capital of the United States, and that it was the day for the inauguration of the president. Considering myself very fortunate, I managed to forge my way through the multitude until I came near the place from which was to be delivered the inaugural address. The demonstration of national spirit and the wild enthusiasm over the election ran so high that I made no attempt to ascertain the name of the president, but, with eager eyes, I waited patiently to see the chief of the great country. Soon he appeared; and the sound of the great bands, mingled with the tumultuous shouts that greeted him, would have drowned the thunders of the wildest tempest. In a few moments all was quiet, and the president began to address his countrymen. His voice, which rose and fell with a peculiar cadence, and which gave force to his impassioned eloquence, sounded familiar. "Is it possible that I have heard it before?" I murmured to myself. And, with a burning desire to satisfy my rising curiosity, I made a desperate struggle to approach nearer to the man upon whom the myriad eyes were fixed, and I recognized beneath the long black beard the face of our class president, George Oscar Ferguson.

After hearing and seeing all this, I began to rejoice in the fact that I had been permitted to live the future, and was determined to clasp the hand of my now honored friend. I beckoned to a guard who was standing near and asked him to conduct me to the White House. This he did; and when I entered this veritable garden of roses and ferns, which was made all the more beautiful by the countless diamonds and pearls, who should I meet but another one of my old classmates, a member of the cabinet, Alfred Thomas Hope. I could go no further; for, verily, I was amazed at the success of my comrades. I was not surprised, however, for, when I began to recount the early achievements of this body, I remembered that he too had been a great expounder of parliamentary law in the old Philomathean, and also how he had won the esteem and confidence of his fellow students as a man of integrity and honor.

While I was thus engaged with this old friend, drinking in every word that fell from his lips about his political career, and while he was informing me about a great reform which his majesty was contemplating, a sudden darkness again fell upon us and robbed me of the pleasure which I fain would have enjoyed longer. I felt as though I had assumed a peculiar shape, and all the time the darkness seemed to grow denser and denser around me. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there flashed before me another scene more beautiful than the first. So gloriously magnificent was it that words to describe it would seem only as mocking cymbals. "Where can this earthly paradise be?" said I in silent admiration. And instantly, as if in answer to my question, I was projected

into another city, which was alive with "the hurly-burly" of business and people rushing to and fro, as only people of a great metropolis do. Not knowing just what course to pursue, I stationed myself against the wall of a great edifice and gazed down what appeared to be the main thoroughfare of this magnificent city. While I thus stood, excited and bewildered with numerous things that came before my vision, I cast my eye across the street and saw, posted in front of the Dome Theater, New York, an advertisement: "'The Heart of An Indian,' the greatest drama of modern ages, by L. C. Lindsley."

Burning with the desire to see the play of my poet classmate, I went immediately toward the ticket office, to secure a seat in the great auditorium. Just as I entered the door, some one clapped me on the back, and said, "Hello! old fellow, what are you doing here?" I whirled around and found myself before a distinguished-looking gentleman, wearing a long coat and a silk hat. After regaining consciousness from the shock of the unexpected salute, I recognized the gentleman to be another of the illustrious Class of '07, "Sir Archer" Blackwell. Knowing that he had a very lucrative position, I began to make some queries as to his business. And with his old-time air of modesty, he told me that he was professor of Botany in Columbia University. Again, I was not surprised; for, I thought of the familiar proverb, "A man must follow his natural bent," and I remembered how "Black," while at college, was found analyzing strawberries by the moonlight.

I felt a desire to see some others of my former classmates when instantly, in answer to the wish, the scene before me melted suddenly into a misty haze and then to dull, grey clouds which swirled before my face, becoming each moment darker, until an impenetrable gloom, as thick and dark as the Egyptian night, settled around me. Suddenly it broke with a blinding flash of light; and what a picture spread out before my eyes! A long, dusty, red clay road ran deviously before me. Off in the fields I could see farm houses scattered, with long, crooked lanes leading to the road. Everything was quiet and still; the quivering heat rose from the hot road and the baked plowed fields, and once in a while a miniature whirlwind swept the dust and trash up in little funnel-shaped clouds. A team of dejected but very patient-looking mules came plodding down the road, pulling a big, red lumber wagon, and as they walked their long ears drooped and flapped like the huge straw hat which almost hid the head and shoulders of the driver. It was too hot and tiresome to walk far on that red, dusty road, so I waited and asked for a ride in the big, red wagon.

"Goin' to the store?" queried the driver.

"Yes," I answered, not knowing what else to say; and after I was seated beside him I asked, "Who runs it?"

"Zachary," he replied.

"Zachary?" said I, for the name sounded strangely familiar.

"Yep," returned my companion, drawing a deep breath. After taking a large chew of tobacco, however, and squinting once or twice at the sun, he seemed to be greatly refreshed and ventured to inquire,

"Stranger here?"

"Yes," I replied, "this is my first visit to this country."

He seemed to brighten up at that and began: "'Zack' started out to be a preacher but it didn't suit him someway, so he's took to storekeepin'." Then a long silence, during which he seemed to be thinking deeply. "I dunno' why it didn't suit him. He never says much but seems to be mighty smart, and he went through college too." After another resting spell he suddenly fired up with so much energy that I nearly lost my balance. "This here thing of a college education is all a farce. I fooled away a lot of time there and it ain't done a cent's worth of good in my farmin'!"

I was astonished. "You went to college? What is your name?"

"Ransone," said he, "Coleman B. Ransone. I tried school teachin' and one thing and another for awhile but farmin', sir, is the only true life! What does a man know about nature when he's cooped up over his books all the time? No, sir, farmin' is the only thing, and that's what I'm stickin' to!" And he gave his knee such a resounding slap that the mules, startled and awakened from their walking sleep, broke into a trot. We came suddenly around another turn in the road, and I saw a dilapidated, weather-beaten building, with a faded sign hung across the road, creaking on its rusty hinges and bearing the following legend:

GEO. E. ZACHARY, GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
--

"You went to college with Zachary didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes," said Ransone, "and there is another of the boys here this year. Brother Young was sent to this circuit by the last Methodist Conference, and"—

"Methodist?" I gasped.

"Yes," he replied, "you see Mrs. Young converted him, as he had a leaning to the Methodists anyhow, and now he is holding a protracted meeting down here at the red school house. He's a powerful exhorter."

I was lost in amazement and wonder. In a few minutes more we drew up before the red school house which was jammed full of people, all giving most careful attention to the speaker. The stentorian voice of Brother Young reached me, even in the middle of the road, and as his arms waved wildly over the heads of his congregation I caught a glimpse of his red, perspiring face and recognized my old classmate "Brigham," otherwise known as H. H. Young. Mrs. Young was seated at the organ and some way her face looked strangely familiar. I was inclined to believe that I had seen her, too, while at college but, perhaps, being somewhat bewildered by my strange experiences, I was mistaken. I wished to stay and listen to the remarkable exhortation of my old classmate but the mules, strange to say, became suddenly very restive under the spell of his awe-inspiring voice so that Ransone found it impossible to hold them and they ran for several miles at a breakneck speed.

When, at length, the mules were stopped, I could see by Ransone's face that something was wrong.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"I'll be ding-busted if I know," replied Ransone. "I never came this far before," and he got out to calm the mules who seemed to be completely winded. They were quieted soon but we still heard a rattling and puffing somewhere. As it seemed to come from out of the pines in front of us, we drove through them to the other side and came across a great force of men working a steam-shovel, making a great cut through a high hill to the valley beyond. A group of young, pretty girls were there watching also and seemed to be under the care of a well-dressed, intellectual-looking gentleman with whom I soon began to talk. He informed me that he was the principal of a well known girls' school in a nearby city, and that as this was one of the most stupendous feats of engineering of the century, he had brought his girls out to see it. "And," he proudly added, "the engineer who planned and has charge of this great work is an old college chum of mine, John Tyler." It was true. I soon saw John directing his men, but he was too busy to talk to us.

One of Somers' pupils, a sweet dark-eyed little girl, had been regarding me curiously and now she came up and introduced herself. She was a Miss Ellis, daughter of my old friend and classmate, Tyler Ellis, and she insisted on my spending the next day at her home in the city. I couldn't refuse such an invitation, so I went back with Prof. Somers and his crowd of school girls, arriving late that afternoon at the magnificent home of our friend Tyler Ellis, who was now the wealthiest banker of the city. Led by my fair little hostess I entered the drawing room where I found to my astonishment not only Ellis, but three more of my classmates; John Holivid Bowen, who was the editor and publisher of the great city daily; Hon. J. F. "Happy" Jones, formerly commonwealth's attorney of the county, but now a candidate for Congress, and the Right Rev. "Charming Charlie" Durkee, the rector of the city Episcopal Church. So completely amazed was I over what seemed to be a reunion of old friends, that I began to make some further inquiries about this delightful though unexpected meeting. I found that Bowen was a strong advocate of Jones, and that they were both there to consult banker Ellis, who was also a strong support of Jones and who was advancing money for the support of the campaign. As for Durkee, he was making his regular calls to the members of his church, and, as was his custom, had just stumbled in for a few moments.

I might have enjoyed a most delightful evening with my old classmates, but as soon as I had greeted them and learned this much about them, little Miss Ellis, in a mischievous moment, handed me a box of sneezing powder which I innocently snuffed to her great amusement and my misfortune. For, in the violent fit of sneezing that followed, the whole scene melted and drifted in large pieces like interrogation points and I found myself, when I awoke, sitting on a bench in the chapel still sneezing vigorously and very much bewildered.

PROPHET.

Senior Class Horn

Four years have passed, four years of joy and bliss,
And on the stage of Time has one more play
Been acted. We the actors now shall soon
Depart, perhaps to never meet again
Beneath these royal elms, perhaps no more
When evening crowns the purple-tinted west
And holy Silence reigns among the hills,
Shall we again together arm in arm
Stroll in the fading twilight to the lake,
And fancying in the placid waters there,
Made gold and scarlet by the afterglow,
We see the storied wealth of Indian Seas;
Or wander aimlessly beside the stream,
Building our Spanish castles in the air,
In fancy sailing in that shallop named
Success, and drifting on, forever on
Until we anchored in the port of dreams.

One evening 'mong those hills, beside the lake
I wandered all alone, for I was tired
And weary of the world and its tumult,
I cared for nothing but to be alone,
Alone with Silence and the Autumn Woods,
How awful is the silence of those woods
When autumn comes; no sound nor noises break
The solemn stillness, only here and there
The gentle rustle of the falling leaves
Disturbs the quietude. All Nature's hushed,
Hushed in a holy quiet, filled with awe.
It seems she knows the hour of death is nigh,
That endless evening with the shadows dark
Which fade with the last gleam of light away
Into eternal darkness.

There I mused,
Mused on the ways of men, Hypocrisy,
Conceit and Selfishness which tend to make
The baser man. And thus I walked and mused.
One night I saw upon the stage a play:
A woman old and ragged, and her face
Sharp and pinched with hunger, her slender form
Swaying from sheer exhaustion, and her steps
Slow and wearisome, and her numb'd hands
Grasping an old frail stick, a scant support
Unto her tottering form. As on she trudged
Amid the falling snow-flakes and the drifts
Her steps grew feebler, she totter'd, fell
Face downward in a snow-drift and there lay
Still and motionless and cold.

Then came 'far
The faint jingling of sleigh-bells and the sound
Of merry laughter on the frosty air;
A cutter driven by the King himself
Came swiftly onward, drawn by royal steeds;
And he beheld the woman in the snow.

And halting, lifted up the slender form
Into the cutter, wrapped her close around
With royal furs, and hastening to the town
Bade the kind nurses of St. Mary's take
The peasant woman and restore her life.

Beside me sat a woman richly clad
In silks and jewels and her golden hair
Sparkling with diamonds, and her slender throat
Circled with strings of emeralds, and her hands
Glittering with rubies. At the wretched sight
Of the poor woman falling in the snow
Still and motionless, on her rounded arms
She bowed her jeweled head. I heard a sob
And saw a kerchief wipe away a tear.

Moonlight to-night, the curtain now has dropped
For the last time. She rose and with the rest
Emerged into the moonlight and the snow.
Beside the opera door a beggar girl,
Thinly clad and quivering with the cold
And features pinched with cold and hunger, held
Out for scant alms her little trembling hand.
And as the jeweled lady passed the girl
She said, "Kind lady, alms!" The lady drew
Her silken robes aside for fear they might
Be soiled by contact with the ragged dress
And said, "Beggar, be gone, go earn your bread."
And sweeping on with jeweled head erect,
And features covered with contempt and scorn,
Entered her stately carriage, rolled away
From Poverty to Luxury and Pride.
Full often does it happen to mankind
Our good intentions often come to naught
Because our will is weak.

"Twas thus I mused,
And as I mused I dropped upon a heap
Of brown and yellow leaves, piled 'gainst a bank
Of ferny luxury, stretched forth my limbs
To seek repose awhile. There came a breath
Of sweetness and of coolness from the lake
And ever and anon, a scarlet leaf
Would flutter like some gentle spirit down
And lay against my forehead. I reclined
At peace from all the world, on Nature's breast,
A couch as soft as softest eider-down,
A couch which kings might envy.

As I lay,
I sank into light slumber for the space
Of scarce a moment and I dreamed this dream.
It may have been my fancy, not a dream.
I will not say for certain that I slept:
But over me I felt a faintness creep
And I seemed wafted to some mystic isle
Of flowers and of fragrance, lilies bowed
Their snowy heads in homage to the rose,
And from the countless streams came the perfume
Of the blue lotus flower and all the air

Was tremulous with such music as could come,
Never from mortal hands, it may have been
The Sirens or the music of the spheres,
It may have been Orestes, I know not,
'Twas played by hands invisible.

Then came
Along a path that wound among the flowers
An old man bearing in his hand a book,
An old man with a flowing beard of white
Leaning on a staff of purest gold,
And as he nearer drew, I saw the book
Was bound in gold, studded with rarest gems
That flashed and sparkled in the noonday sun
Dazzling the eyes with brilliance; rays of green,
Of purple, crimson, and of amethyst
Mingled together and I turned my head,
Mine eyes were blinded by the wondrous lights.
The old man drew toward me and I asked,
"Old man, who art thou, and what is that book?"
He turned to me and on his brow I saw
The prints of countless ages, and he said,
"I was, ere man began, I was called Time,
This book I carry is the Book of Life,
In it is writ the destiny of man."

"Pray read it me, this destiny of man."
The old man shook his head. "It was not writ
For mortal ears. Seek not to tear aside
The veil between what is, and is to be
Lest ye behold things that ye do not wish
Or care to see, but rest assured, my son,
What *is*, *will* be. Man's destiny is fixed,
Is fixed as surely as the glittering stars
And myriad suns are fixed. Man cannot change
What God has predetermined, preordained."

"Then read some other, Father." And he oped
The golden covers of the mystic book
And read this story.

.
In quiet vales where foaming brooklets ran,
Fed by the snows upon the mountain tops,
Which rose majestic 'gainst the western sky,
The morningtide of a child's life began,
And as a child he roamed the quiet vales,
And ere his childish prattle turned to talk
He understood the language of the brook,
The passion murmuring among the trees.

But while he wandered through the whispering woods
And strolled amid the valley's quietude,
Listening to the murmurings that arose
From tired laborers laboring in the fields,
His head was always turned toward the west,
His eyes were seeking outlines of the hills,
His thoughts were always on the distant heights
Of knowledge looming 'gainst the western sky,
His soul was longing with a passion deep
For joys and perils of the steep ascent.

The day at last has come to climb the heights:
 Firm in the rocky path he placed his foot
 And, turning, gazed upon the vales below,
 Upon the river widening to the sea,
 Upon the sterile lands where men had toiled,
 Where toiling and would toil, and lived
 The life their fathers and grandfathers lived,
 And died untainted by Ambition's touch.
 Grew proud with knowledge that a nobler fate
 Awaited him upon the other side
 Of these huge mountains he would either climb
 Or perish 'mid the snows upon their crest.

At last there came a day when, after years
 Of dreams and tiresome toil, he stood
 Upon the summit of the ultimate heights
 And turned to gaze into the vale below,
 Far, far below the summit where he stood
 A perfect type of manhood and of strength,
 The sterile fields were stretching far away
 And seemed a parcel of the lower world,
 And as he gazed, from out the valley came
 A voice that seemed to speak, and from the fields
 A murmur rose and from the scattered homes
 A cry so faint, almost inaudible;
 And gazing harder thro' the valley's mists
 He saw his people with their arms outstretched
 Beseechingly toward him. On his heart
 There fell a solemn sadness, and his face
 Bore looks of agony. Within his grasp
 Were Power, Knowledge, Freedom, and the Joy
 Of the unfettered mind. Amid the valleys lurked
 Care, Sorrow, Disappointment. Should he go
 Back to those terrible valleys of his youth,
 Or grasp what he had striven for for years?
 He hesitated, wept, retraced his steps,
 Backward to uplift his fellow man.
 The old man ceased to read and I awoke.
 The sun was slowly sinking in the west
 And all was still, and through the gathering dusk
 I traced my homeward way, and pondered o'er
 The fellowship of Service, and my heart
 Was lighter for the lesson I had learned.
 I was content, and lo! that night I dreamed
 Naught but the sweetest dreams.





MOTTO

*'Laboremus, O Juniores, Seniores,
cum fuerimus veniet olivum
cum triumpho.'*

COLORS

Silver Gray and Orange.

YELL

Wa-hoo! Wah!! Wa-hoo Wah!!
Sim! Boom! Ba!
Nineteen Eight! Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	R. M. PERKINS
SECRETARY.....	H. G. CARTER
TREASURER.....	E. L. B. GOODWIN
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Junior Class Roll

E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.	NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
R. M. PERKINS	NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
H. G. CARTER	KILMARNOCK, VIRGINIA
E. L. B. GOODWIN	FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA
G. A. B. DOVELL	UNO, VIRGINIA
C. L. EBELL	ELWOOD, NEW JERSEY
D. A. WILSON	STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
G. G. HANKINS	TOANO, VIRGINIA
J. J. WAGNER	RAINSWOOD, VIRGINIA
C. M. BARNES	WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
P. S. GILLIAM	CRITTENDEN, VIRGINIA
S. A. McDONALD	WARRENTON, VIRGINIA
C. I. BUMPASS	BUMPASS, VIRGINIA
R. F. TERRELL	ULMAINE, VIRGINIA
H. R. EUBANK	ETNA MILLS, VIRGINIA
G. J. DUFFEY	WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
G. L. STRONG	WILLIS, VIRGINIA
F. W. LEWIS	WHEALTON, VIRGINIA
J. C. ROGERS	CARLEY, VIRGINIA
K. P. BIRCKHEAD	PROFFIT, VIRGINIA
J. S. WHITE	WARRENTON, VIRGINIA
C. M. HALL	WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
M. O. TOWNSEND	WILLIAMS' MILL, VIRGINIA
H. H. MARSDEN	LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS
G. A. DOVELL	UNO, VIRGINIA
H. B. McC. JAMISON	HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY
H. L. WOMACK	VERNON HILL, VIRGINIA
B. CAMPBELL	BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA
H. H. BLUNDON	BURGESS' STORE, VIRGINIA
JNO. D. WING, JR.	ATLANTA, GEORGIA
J. W. HEFLIN	HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA
W. H. EUBANK	ETNA MILLS, VIRGINIA
W. C. DOUGLASS	DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
H. N. TUCKER	NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
W. E. ROACH	GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND
D. M. DOLD	NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK
P. T. HAZELIP	LONE OAK, VIRGINIA
J. R. HINTON	LILIAN, VIRGINIA



P.S. GILLIAM



G.A. DOVELL



G.L. STRONG



E.L. GOODWIN



C.M. HALL



J.S. WHITE



K.P. BIRCKHEAD



G.J. DURFEY



J.C. ROGERS



F.W. LEWIS



E.F. SHEWMAKE



M.O. TOWNSEND



H.H. MARSDEN



H.B. McJAMESON



H.R. ETHERIDGE



C.L. EBELL



R.M. PERKINS



D.A. WILSON



C.M. BARNES



C.I. BUMPASS



Q.Q. HAWKINS



R.E. TERRELL



J.J. WAGNER



H.R. EUBANK



S.A. McDONALD



H.L. WOMACK

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

N EARLY three years ago, there appeared upon the campus of William and Mary a body--or better a crowd, for at that time they knew neither themselves nor each other. They had come from country and city, from the shores of the Atlantic to the green hills of Virginia. During these three years, we have learned to stand shoulder to shoulder and to lend a helping hand to those about us, in our toilsome ascent of life's ladder.

In recording the history of the class for the past year, we are unable on account of time and space to give a detailed account of the many achievements of each member of the class, yet our history would be incomplete if we did not record some of the more important ones. Our football team covered itself with glory, but had it not been for the strenuous efforts of Macdonald, Dovells, G. A. and G. A. B., and Carter, the football warriors of the class, it would not have been as successful as it was. As a reward for the good work which these men did, the class was honored with the captaincy for next year, in the person of G. A. Dovell. The class also had a basket-ball captain among its numbers and the same member has been elected to the same position for next year. Baseball is in full sway and suffice it to say, the Class of 1908 will be represented by men who will reflect credit upon their class and College.

We have discovered among our number during the past year, several men who bid fair to add honor and fame to their class. In this age, we read and hear much about the "Strenuous Life." The president of our country has become one of its leading exponents. But we do not have to look beyond the limits of our own class to find a person who ranks with our president as an exponent of this "Strenuous Life," and that person is none other than Channing Hall.

In the classroom as well as upon the diamond and gridiron, we have become famous. Although we are not so fortunate this year in having a representative in the faculty, yet the day is not far distant when we expect to see G. A. B. Dovell occupying the chair of "Inspired Poetry," in the department of English.

Dame Rumor has it, that E. F. Shewmake is to be a candidate for the presidency of the Virginia Senate next fall. He has made such an enviable reputation as a presiding officer at public meetings, during the year, that the Phoenix "ring" has decided to launch his bomb for this high office.

Politics has been the favorite study of so many members of the class, that we feel that these worthy men deserve a little attention. One of our leading politicians is S. A. Macdonald. "Mac" has been a political leader ever since he entered college, and was affiliated with the political bosses, but this year he became dissatisfied with them and decided to form a party of his own, for the

purpose of purifying class politics. We regret to say that his party, though not successful in defeating the party of the boss's in the class election, made a very creditable beginning.

We have mentioned the athlete, poet, politician and statesman, yet should your Historian fail to mention the other types of men represented in this class, he would not be fulfilling the duty assigned to him. Beside the above, we have in our class those who aspire to be artists' models, great inventors, temperance advocates, and last, but not least, those who hope to Christianize the world with their latest doctrines in Theology.

Patient reader, our task is done. As the curtain falls upon this our third scene in the drama of life, we would fain draw on our imagination and prophesy for the future, but we leave that task for one whose far-seeing powers are keener than ours. We are sorry to say that when the session ends, there will be some of our number who will leave our ranks to join the struggling throng on the ocean of life. May they in future years turn back with memory's tears to the dear old college days spent beneath the sacred walls of our dear old Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



Campus Buttercups

Ah, buttercups on the campus,
You have waited well for a song;
But the daisies have bent to kiss you,
And our hearts have loved you long.
The birds have sung you their carols,
And the poets in their lays
Have woven the gleam of your brightness
In their melodies of old days.

Embroidered with silver daisies,
You have covered in days of old
These ways where men have trodden
To fame o'er a cloth of gold.
Oh, buttercups on the campus!
Was it very hard to wait
While your shining patens of gold dust
Ensaffroned the feet of the great?

Or is it that He, the Master,
Who wrought the wonder of spring
And mixed with the oil of His colors
An immortal blessing,
Hath given to you His secret
For your little petals to hold,
And painted across the canvas,
His name in letters of gold?

Ah, buttercups! —————
Oh! But listen!
Who hath shamed the bird-song so?
Is it spring with the blooms for the roses,
Who bringeth the lilies their snow?
What dream of a God hath wandered
So far 'mid the haunts of men!
I slept, but now I have awakened,
And never can sleep again.

Ah, buttercups on the campus,
I thought to sing you a song;
But a caroling maid in the pathway
Hath wrought you a grievous wrong:
The gleam from your petals hath faded;
Your tinsel is twisted and old;
Her eyes have robbed you of brightness,
Her heart hath plundered your gold.



COLORS

Parrot Green and Parrot Red.

MOTTO

"Our actions are our own."

YELL

How's this! How's this!
How's this for rhyme!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Nineteen nine!

SONG

"Selling kindling wood to help along."

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	C. C. BELL
VICE-PRESIDENT	J. G. DRIVER
SECRETARY	F. E. VANCEY
TREASURER	J. M. DAVIS
HISTORIAN	W. S. TERRELL

Sophomore Class Roll

ARNOLD, V. L.	Waverly Mills, Virginia
ATKINSON, D.	Etna Mills, Virginia
BEALE, J. D.	Williamsburg, Virginia
BEAR, F. H.	Churchville, Virginia
BELL, C. C.	South Norfolk, Virginia
BERRY, W. C.	Chase City, Virginia
BLACKMORE, C. T.	Hampton, Virginia
BONNEY, A. W.	Oceano, Virginia
BONNEY, H. H.	Oceano, Virginia
BRENT, J. H.	Heathsville, Virginia
BROOKS, R. S.	Chase City, Virginia
CAPPS, O. L.	Pungo, Virginia
DAVIS, J. M.	Beaverdam, Virginia
DILLARD, M. P.	Centre Cross, Virginia
DRIVER, J. G.	Hordeburg, Virginia
EVANS, W. E., JR.	Richmond, Virginia
FINCH, H. B.	Norfolk, Virginia
FREEMAN, J. C.	Arcola, Virginia
GILLIAM, C. F.	Williamsburg, Virginia
GRAVES, F. E.	Marksville, Virginia
HALL, C. A.	Hickory, Virginia
HALL, C. C.	Great Bridge, Virginia
HALL, C. W.	Great Bridge, Virginia
HALL, J. L., JR.	Williamsburg, Virginia
HANKINS, CYRUS	Williamsburg, Virginia
HARWOOD, A. G.	Grove, Virginia
HINTON, G. H.	Lillian, Virginia
HOLBORNE, L. A.	Charleston, South Carolina
KOONTZ, A. R.	Marksville, Virginia
KOONTZ, E. W.	Luray, Virginia
LANE, R. W.	Piedins, Virginia
LEWIS, A. W.	Minor, Virginia
LOCHER, B. J.	Glasgow, Virginia
LONGNECKER, C. F.	Peckskill-on-Hudson, New York
MCLEAN, F. E. H.	Portsmouth, Virginia
MURAE, D.	Macon, Georgia
MONCURE, F. P.	Fairfax, Virginia
MONCURE, H.	Stafford, Virginia
NELSON, J. J.	Columbia, Virginia
PARKER, J. E.	Menchville, Virginia
PARSLEY, J. A.	Williamsburg, Virginia
PERSON, C. E.	Williamsburg, Virginia
QUICK, A. T., JR.	Lynchburg, Virginia
RABEY, C. E.	Deans, Virginia
SNEED, A. M.	Stafford, Virginia
SNOW, C. C.	Wicomico, Virginia
STONE, C. H.	Richmond, Virginia
STOVER, J. F.	Churchville, Virginia
STRYKER, R. P.	Grove, Virginia
TAYLOR, C. A., JR.	Urbanna, Virginia
TERRELL, W. S.	Ullaine, Virginia
TOMPKINS, H. F.	Guinneys, Virginia
TUCKER, G. H.	South Boston, Virginia
WALL, H. P.	South Hill, Virginia
WEST, T. F., JR.	Huon, Virginia
YANCEY, F. E.	Nunn, Virginia
YOUNG, R. C.	Pennington Gap, Virginia



PARKER



C.C. BELL



B.J. LOCHER



A.R. KOONTZ



E.W. KOONTZ



L.A. HOLBORNE JR.



C.A. HALL



J.M. DAVIS



D. McRAE



F. TOMPKINS



J.H. BRENT



R.C. YOUNG



H. MONCURE



V.L. ARNOLD



J.E. GRAVES



A.W. LEWIS



A.W. BURFOOT



J.L. HALL JR.



O.L. CAPPS



C. HAWKINS



B.W. LANE



G.H. HINTON



H.P. WALL



J.D. BEALE



D. ATKINSON



F. VANCEY



H.B. FINCH



C.W. HALL



J.J. NELSON



R.P. STRYKER



H.H. BONNEY



C.C. HALL



C.A. TAYLOR JR.



A.G. HARWOOD



A.M. SNEED



M.P. DILLARD



T.F. WEST JR.



F.H. BEAR



C.H. STONE



C.E. RABEY



W.S. TERREL



F.P. MONCURE



J.A. PARSELEY



R.D. SMALL

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

AS I take up my pen, prospective of writing the history of the illustrious Sophomore Class of 1907, I pause before the task of enumerating all those deeds of lore and valor for which this class is a paradigm. Many think that it is the historian who makes history; but this is erroneous, for all of us as individuals are the makers of history by our every word and action, and it is the part of the historian to record these facts; and as Historian of this class, I feel highly honored to record the varied achievements of its members and the worthy progress of the entire class.

When we returned to College last September we were not bloodthirsty, idle "Sophs" as our former Historian predicted, but as studious men, determined upon doing what we could for our Alma Mater—whether in the class room or on the athletic field. Of course there were some who could not understand the imaginary triangle, the deponent Latin verb and the philosophy of English analysis, but even these have bridged these difficulties by serving their lectures as Alexander did the "Gordian Knot."

The Sophomore Class is well represented in nearly every phase of college life, from the faithful student down to the "sport." On the gridiron last fall we were represented by Hall and Taylor on the "varsity," and Driver, Small and Terrell were on the second team. Driver, Smith, Hall, J. L., and Small are making good records on the basket-ball team, and are good representatives in this branch of athletics. Although it is too early to record our achievements in baseball, yet it is safe to say that the Sophomore Class will be well represented.

The Sophomores are thoroughly in sympathy with the Y. M. C. A. work. Some of its most enthusiastic members and several members of its cabinet are from our class.

We must not fail to mention the "calico sport," who, while the "Last Rose of Summer" was shedding its petals, returned to College, bringing with him those gentle thoughts of love, and has found in "Ye Ancient Capital" new hearts for his wooings. Messrs. Bell, West and Yancey represent the Sophomore Class in this phase of college life.

The Sophomore Class is ably represented in both literary societies, and even Botetourt is sometimes aroused from his quiet vigil and a smile passes over his time-worn countenance as he listens to the convincing logic and magic oratory of the Sophomore, as it floats from the Phoenix and Philomathean windows and is borne along on the bosom of the night air.

Numerous other spheres of college activity could be mentioned in which the Sophomore is engaged, for they are conspicuous in nearly every phase of

college life, save tormenting the under classmen, and that we have left for others "Who are older than we," for others, "Far wiser than we."

Thus ends a brief history of the Sophomore Class of 1907. May we each, as its members, ever cherish the fond associations and sweet memories which surround it as we would a mother's prayer. And when we are scattered on the great and treacherous sea of life, with self as helmsman and self as crew, then it is that another historian takes his pen and records our history, whether we are sailing successfully on with fearless hearts and determined wills, or whether we are despicable wrecks drifting with the tide.

HISTORIAN.





MOTTO

"Sic a ducibus ad astra."
(Thus are we led to the stars by our leaders.)

COLORS

Maroon and Green.

YELL

Quack! Quack! Quack! Spit, Bim, Boff!
Run like h—, Dues, here comes a Soph!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	J. C. WRENN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	P. W. SMOOT
SECRETARY.....	S. W. RAWLS
TREASURER.....	E. M. McCANDLISH
HISTORIAN.....	G. C. TAYLOR

Freshman Class Roll

J. A. ALLEN	HEBRON, DINWIDDIE Co., VA.
G. P. ARNOLD	WAVERLY, SUSSEX Co., VA.
C. BAILEY	HAT CREEK, CAMPBELL Co., VA.
S. W. BARBER	SHARPS, RICHMOND Co., VA.
F. M. BRISTOW	CHURCHVIEW, MIDDLESEX Co., VA.
W. R. BURNETT	WILLIS, FLOYD Co., VA.
J. E. CAPPS	PUNGO, PRINCESS ANNE Co., VA.
E. A. CHAPPELL	GUINEA MILLS, CUMBERLAND Co., VA.
B. E. COBB	BLACKSTONE, NOTTOWAY Co., VA.
W. W. COBB	BLACKSTONE, NOTTOWAY Co., VA.
S. CORBIN	SANFORD, ACCOMAC Co., VA.
B. CRAMPTON	BERRYVILLE, CLARK Co., VA.
W. H. CROSSWELL	GLOUCESTER POINT, GLOUCESTER Co., VA.
S. I. DAVIS	BEAUTIONS, CAROLINE Co., VA.
C. E. DOVELL	UNO, MADISON Co., VA.
M. H. EAMES	OAK, NEW KENT Co., VA.
L. F. EDENS	RAWLAND, ROBERSON Co., N. C.
N. M. EWELL	RUCKERSVILLE, GREEN Co., VA.
H. H. FLETCHER	DOT, LEE Co., VA.
J. F. GARTH	TOY DEPOT, ALBEMARLE Co., VA.
R. P. GRAY, JR.	SIGNIFY, GLOUCESTER Co., VA.
J. E. HEALEY	STREETS, MIDDLESEX Co., VA.
W. L. HOPKINS	PILKINGTON, POWHATAN Co., VA.
N. B. HURST	KILMARNOCK, LANCASTER Co., VA.
T. G. JONES, JR.	URBANNA, MIDDLESEX Co., VA.
R. W. JORDAN	DIANS, NANSEMOND Co., VA.
H. S. JOYNES	558 CHAPEL ST., NORFOLK, VA.
J. A. KIRKMYER	IRVINGTON, LANCASTER Co., VA.
G. W. LAND	NORFOLK, VA.
J. L. LAWLESS	FRANKLIN, SOUTHAMPTON Co., VA.
E. W. MAYNARD	MAGRUDER, YORK Co., VA.
E. M. McCANDLISH	SALUDA, MIDDLESEX Co., VA.
B. L. NEWTON	HAGUE, WESTMORELAND Co., VA.
A. W. O'KEEFFE	WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
J. L. PATTERSON	HARRISTON, AUGUSTA Co., VA.
S. W. RAWLS	HOLLAND, NANSEMOND Co., VA.
T. H. REAMS	FORD'S DEPOT, DINWIDDIE Co., VA.
W. R. REED	AYLETTE, KING WILLIAM Co., VA.
H. P. ROWE	ACHILLES, GLOUCESTER Co., VA.
J. R. SAVEDGE	MATTSVILLE, ACCOMAC Co., VA.
H. L. SAYAGE	ALLIANCE, SURRY Co., VA.
N. W. SCHLOSSBERG	PORTSMOUTH, VA.
J. F. SHACKELFORD	SEVERN, GLOUCESTER Co., VA.
J. A. SHIELD	LEE HALL, WARRIOR Co., VA.
R. V. SHUMADINE	R. F. D. No. 1, NORFOLK, VA.
W. L. SMOOT	MILLER'S TAVERN, ESSEX Co., VA.
P. W. SMOOT	MILLER'S TAVERN, ESSEX Co., VA.
P. D. SNIPES	ZUNI, ISLE OF WIGHT Co., VA.
H. G. SPENCER, JR.	WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
G. B. SQUIRES	WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
G. C. TAYLOR	PORTSMOUTH, VA.
W. L. TONKIN	PORTSMOUTH, VA.
T. P. TRIGG	ABINGDON, WASHINGTON Co., VA.
W. W. TRIGG	ABINGDON, WASHINGTON Co., VA.
J. G. UNRUH	MUNDY POINT, NORTH MIERLAND Co., VA.
E. A. VIVAS	PONCE, PORTO RICO.
W. H. WESSELS	BLOXOM, ACCOMAC Co., VA.
F. B. WILKINSON	NEBLETT'S, LUNENBERG Co., VA.
C. R. WILKINSON	ALO, LUNENBERG Co., VA.
W. G. WOMBLE	NORFOLK, VA.
J. C. WRENN	WAXPOOL, LOUDOUN Co., VA.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

FOR two hundred and fourteen years William and Mary College waited for the very remarkable "Duc" Class of 1907, and, judging from our recent achievements, I have no fear that she will ever be any thing but proud of us. (Pardon our modesty.) Of course the Faculty welcomed us with "open arms," and then the upper-classmen claimed our immediate attention. When we had duly admired the prowess and skill they exhibited in rendering their very forcible greetings, they escorted us to various places of resort at which dainties such as soda water, cigars, chewing gum and candy could be purchased, and which we were graciously permitted to pay for. Altogether our first few weeks were a period of awakening (especially at unseasonable hours) and growth, and ere Thanksgiving rolled around we were feeling quite at home amidst our new surroundings.

With our lecture ticket properly made out, we proceeded to capture all the athletic honors we could find lying around, but our laudable efforts in this direction were hampered a good deal through the opposition of the upper-classmen who were inspired with similar aspirations; but, in spite of this, we have every reason to feel proud of our record. Kirkmyer, one of our classmates, "made" the 'varsity football team, and quite a number filled positions on the second team. Schlossberg played on the basket-ball team; Land and Kirkmyer were on the track team; and from present prospects we shall make a star showing on the diamond.

In the literary societies our manifold abilities have acquired for us quite an enviable reputation. Our friends, Hopkins, Rawls, Ewell, Smoots, Tonkin and others have become quite able politicians, while other members are doing well in the more legitimate lines of declamation and oratory. Lecture cutting has never been a favorite pastime with us. The Faculty has let pass no opportunity of inculcating into our plastic minds the heinousness of this offence, and, of course, their advice has been implicitly followed—as far as possible.

Consideration for the "ailing ones" prohibits us from naming our "star curlers," who are quite numerous even for such an angust body as the Class of 1910. Although all of us can't be stars, there is not a man in this precocious class but expects to make his "ticket."

And finally a word of apology for that large bunch of unfaithfuls infesting the ranks of our noble band. I cannot but believe that all of us left home with the image of some fair maiden enshrined in our hearts; but alas! one by one they

have deserted and have enrolled themselves in the ranks of the "Williamsburg Calico Chasers." In justice to the public I cannot withhold the names of Rawls, the Trigg twins, Cobb, Jr. and Sr., Doyell the IV, and Savedge (the last especially dangerous to feminine hearts), as ringleaders of this heart-breaking clique.

HISTORIAN.



Qu 'rest-re?

A red, red plume, a large black hat
Upon a mass of chestnut hair,
But am I sure that it is that
Or the eyes that sparkle under there?

Oh, many are the eyes I've seen,
And beauteous chestnut hair galore;
But never were such eyes, I ween,
Nor ever quite such hair before.

And oh, what lovely lips are those
That archly curve with sweet disdain,
In color like the new-blown rose
When freshly kissed by summer's rain.

Perhaps it is the form divine,
Or maybe 'tis the pensive smile,
Or maybe yet the look benign,
So strong, so truthful, yet so mild.

It could not still be in the hat,
Nor in the mass of chestnut hair,
The face, the form, it is not that;
It is, my love, that you are there.

—F. C. H.

LOST! LOST!

Lost, an Umbrella, by one of the College Professors, with a cracked head and three broken ribs. Finder will return same to Philosophy and Education Lecture room and receive reward.

PETITION

We, the undersigned, do hereby petition the Faculty that in the future all cases of expulsion be made subject to ratification of the Honor Tribunal, consisting of the Senior Class instead of being made subject to the ratification of the Board of Visitors as heretofore.

G. L. H. Johnson

G. O. Ferguson

W. R. Wigglesworth

Sophomore Bucking Committee

On account of the rain last night I will not be able to meet my Duc Classes this evening.

T. J. Stubbs.

COMING! COMING!

At the request of the Faculty, Board of Visitors and the General Public, I have decided to redeliver my oration on

NATURE AND HER WONDEROUS WAYS

AND MY POEM ON
"POLITICIANS"

AT CAMERON HALL ON

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 11th

ADMISSION, 25 Cts. RESERVED SEATS, 55 Cts.

The proceeds will be turned over to Messrs. Terrell, Ferguson and Dovell, committee on Phoenix campaign funds, for session of 1907-08.
J. J. WAGNER.

Comments from Leading Men and Papers.

"Greatest thing I ever heard at William and Mary College."
—Dr. A. B. Coffey

"In the happy blending of the sublime and the ridiculous, it rivals even the Sun Bros. Show."
—Philomathean Evening Star.

"A brave man who has startled the world with his fearless philippics against graft and corrupt politicians."
—Theodore Roosevelt.

LOST! LOST!

Somewhere near the Williamsburg depot or in the vicinity of one of the town lamp posts, on my return from the Exposition lost night, a quart bottle full of Stomach Bitters. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to me at once, as I am suffering from nervous dyspepsia.
Brent.

FOUND!

One of Bob Ingersoll's orations with G. O. Ferguson's name signed to it. Owner can get same together with certificate of originality by calling at my office
Lynn G. Tyler.



A Campus Yarn

IT was late of an afternoon at that season of the year when most William and Mary men, regardless of what they have been thinking during the winter, decide to come back to the old College for at least one more session. You know the time—that period in May between the closing of the baseball season and the beginning of final exams. That is the season, when everything seems at its best, that many a man who has decided to leave for good with the close of the session, falls in love, and, as above stated, makes up his mind to return in the fall. It may be that he falls in love with the faculty, the College steward, the College in general, the weather, the dear old town, or, what is more probable, with some fairer and far worthier object of his affections, but the point is that if he will but look around him he is sure to yield to one, if not all, of the influences named. And that is what accounts for the number of men who go on attending College here year after year until either detained at home and forced to work by their relatives and friends, or expressly forbidden by the faculty to return.

But to return to our story. It was late of an afternoon at the time of the year mentioned; the closing of an ideal day. On one of the benches hard by the time-worn statue of the good Baron de Botetourt three men were seated, a Freshman, a Sophomore, and a Post Grad. man. Sprawled on the grass nearby, in various positions most conducive to bodily comfort, were two more Freshmen and two more Sophomores. All were smoking, with the exception of the Freshman on the bench, and he couldn't smoke—having promised his teacher at home, whose prize English pupil he had been, that he would never smoke until he became a Junior. The other two Freshmen were smoking vile American-made cigarettes, for the usual reason, whatever it may be, that so many Freshmen do smoke them. The two Sophomores were smoking pipes because they wanted to, and the Post Grad. man was smoking a cigar. It was a long, strong cigar of the brunette type and had been presented to its present owner by a merchant down town, for the usual reason, whatever it may be, that local merchants do sometimes give such cigars to Post Grad. men and Seniors and—others.

The Post Grad. man was talking. It was right and proper that he should be talking, if he cared to, and it was both meet and right that the others should be listening; for this was the Post Grad. man's sixth year at William and Mary and he was a wise man. His was the usual story. He had failed to get his degree in four years, had secured it in five, had acquired the habit of coming back, and was now entered on the record as being a candidate for the degree of M. A. And in those six years he had done much: the strenuous football, the spectacular baseball, the deceptive high-ball, and the brilliant Final Ball had each and all received his attention in their respective seasons and his store of experience was large, if his store of knowledge was not.

"Now that reminds me of a queer thing that happened here once," he remarked, with a wave of the cigar in the direction of the gymnasium, whence a solitary figure, hatless and clad in a long, tan raincoat and running shoes, and carrying a satchel, was seen hurrying toward the Taliaferro Building. A party of tourists, having just entered the gate and started up the walk, threatened to prove an interruption but, smelling the cigar, they changed their course and went round by the Bratferton, leaving the Post Grad. man free to continue his narrative without let or hindrance.

"It was five years ago this coming Finals," he resumed, "that the thing occurred. I didn't learn all the particulars until last summer and there may be a few points yet on which I am not clearly informed, but I'll give you the story as I know it and from it you can judge for yourselves what queer things will happen sometimes to prove the truth of the old Turkish saying which, when translated, means, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

The former prize English pupil shuddered and seemed about to speak but was quelled by a look and a majestic wave of the cigar, while the narrator continued:

"Of course none of you knew John Reed. Well, you missed something; for John Reed was a good fellow, even if he did get a little absent-minded at times. He took his degree that June. It was the finishing touch to a splendid college career, and he had bright prospects ahead, along all lines. Most of those prospects he is fast realizing, and we will hear big things of John some day, but his prospects matrimonial were rudely shattered, and it is of their shattering that this little yarn has to do.

"Now be it known that John Reed was in love. Not just the regulation kind of so-called love that we see all too much of, and that ends with the college session, but the real article that makes a man brace up and behave himself and work hard. And the lady in question was well worthy of his regard, or any one else's for that matter—as sweet a bit of calico as ever rooted for the wrong team at a football game or broke an engagement at a German. I shall not try to describe her to you and it's none of your business who she was, and indeed still is. Suffice it to say that she only visited here and that she was a mighty sweet little lady; and you must also keep in mind the fact that John was a devilish good fellow, though, as I said, he was a little absent-minded at times.

"John was compelled to leave for home on the morning after the Final Ball, and, as he lived a long way and wanted to know how much he had to live for before he left, he proposed on the night of the Ball, seriously and 'for keeps.' She was probably rather startled, not at the suddenness of the thing so much as at its seriousness. At all events she didn't tell John anything positive right then, but told him that she would meet the train on which he was to leave in the morning and would give him his answer then. A rather freakish way to do, of course, and John wanted to wait a day at least, but no, he must go in the morning,

and she would give him his answer at the depot, or not at all; and thus matters stood when the Final Ball ended at half after four in the morning.

"John's room was next to mine, on the second floor Taliaferro, and I heard him packing his trunk and whistling to himself when I came in. He came into my room and asked me if I would mind buying his ticket and having his trunk checked to Richmond (we were going that far together) in the morning as he would need all of his time at the depot. I thought it a little queer, but, of course, agreed and, after putting our trunks in the hall, where the drayman could get them early in the morning without disturbing us, we went to bed and to sleep.

"The train for Richmond left then, as now, at 10:45. My alarm woke me at ten and I was soon ready to bid farewell for the summer to my room. I called John as I went out and he answered that he would come right on. I stopped on my way down for a lunch and then went right on to the depot, reaching there about ten minutes to train time. Somewhat to my surprise I saw John nowhere, but I did find, among the usual 'good-bye crowd' of students and others, a little lady who, as I noticed at the time, blushed very prettily as she asked me if I had seen 'Mr. Reed.' Of course I told her that I had just left him saying that he would follow me; that I had just bought his ticket and checked his trunk to Richmond; and that I expected to see him at any minute.

"Well, the train came in on time and half the crowd got aboard while the other half waved and shouted at them and there was much shaking of hands. And among those who remained at the station was a pretty little lady with a very white face, who was wondering where 'Mr. Reed' could possibly be.

"The seat I took was on the off side from the depot, and as I put my head out of the window for a last look around before leaving for the summer, I noticed a queer-looking figure climbing into the baggage car, on that side. And the hatless figure was clad in a long, tan raincoat and running shoes and was carrying a satchel, just like that chap we saw going toward the Taliaferro a few minutes ago.

"We hadn't gone a mile before a porter came in the car and called my name. I answered and he told me that a 'gentleman' in the baggage car wanted to see me, *quick*. I followed him into the baggage car and there, perched on a trunk and clad in a suit of pink pajamas and a long, tan raincoat and running shoes, looking the very incarnation of misery and despair, sat *John Reed*. I hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep. He was at once the saddest and the most comical-looking individual I have ever seen. I started to speak, though I don't know what I would have said, when he almost wailed.

"'Give me the check to this infernal trunk, so I can get some clothes.'

"Then, while the baggage man went behind a pile of trunks to laugh, John opened the trunk and soon he was once more 'clothed and in his right mind,' sitting in the chair car and telling me his story, which, though short, had been sufficiently stirring for him.

"To be brief, it seems that when he had come in from the Ball he had gone right about completing the packing of his trunk, putting everything in it except the evening clothes he had on. Then he had put those in also, before retiring, leaving himself nothing to wear to the train except a suit of pink pajamas and an umbrella. He had slumbered peacefully on, in blissful ignorance of what he had done, while the faithful drayman had carried away his trunk containing every pair of trousers and every shoe he owned. When he had discovered his loss he had nearly collapsed, but had come nearer yet to doing so when he found that he was alone in the dormitory, that the 'phone had been taken out early that morning, and that the train which would carry all his clothes, except the pajamas and umbrella mentioned, to Richmond was due in ten minutes. Just at this juncture, when consternation seemed giving way to despair, he had spied an old, long, tan raincoat and a pair of running shoes left behind by some track man. These he had quickly put on, had seized his satchel, and, running across the campus and the vacant lots to the track and then down to the depot, he had just managed to reach the baggage car as the train drew out. Rather different from the way in which he had expected to leave, wasn't it?

"When I told him of how the lady had asked for him and of how she had looked when the train drew out, his misery seemed to increase and the first thing he did on reaching Richmond was to send her a wire, saying that he would come down on the afternoon train. As often happens in large cities like this, that wire failed of delivery until the next day.

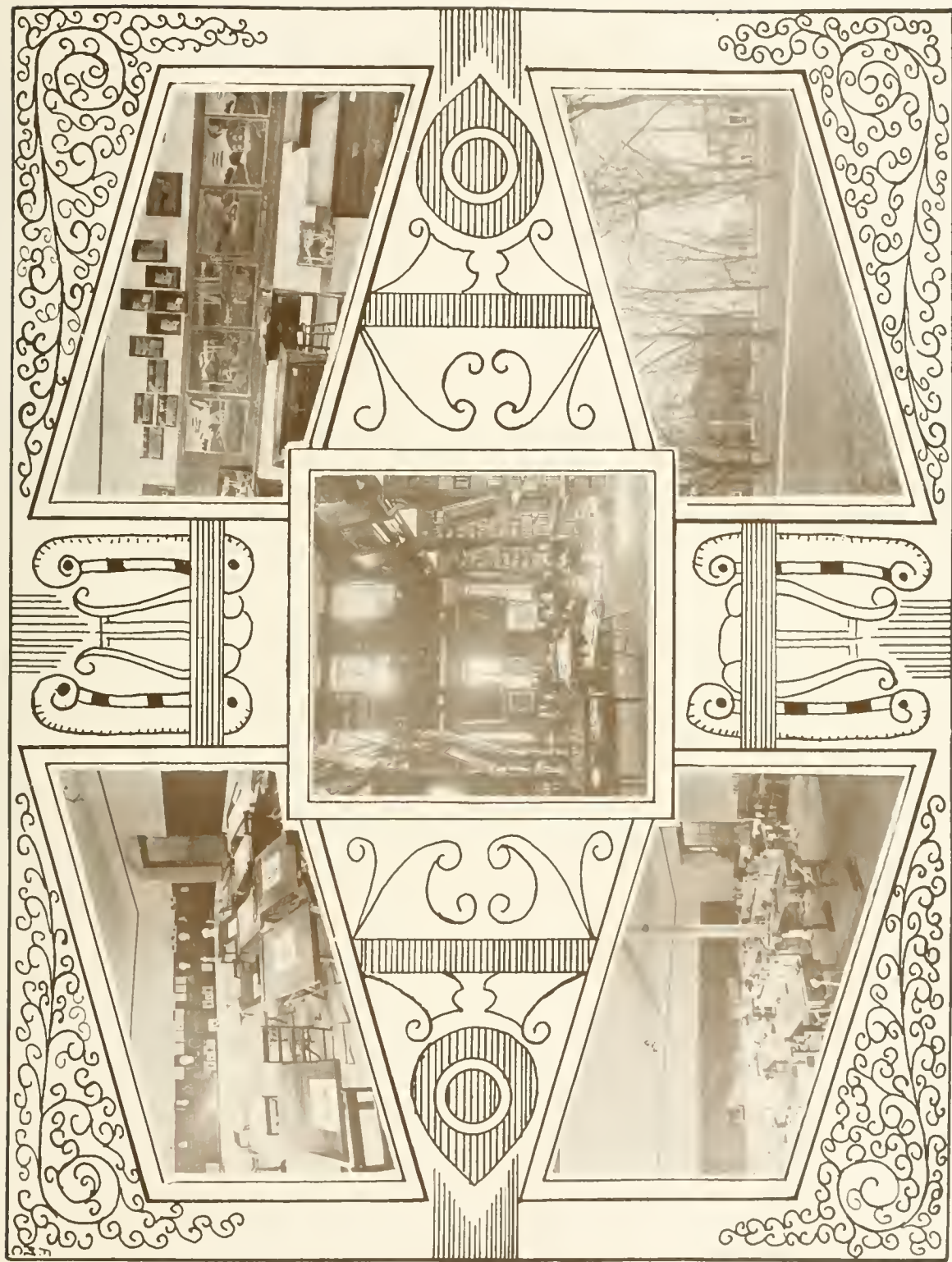
"John went down that evening, but as he alighted from the train she boarded it, and that night she was going up the Bay to Baltimore. He didn't see her then and he has never seen her since, but he heard from her—once; and when he learned that she had caught a glimpse of him as he ran down the track that morning and that she had jumped to the very natural conclusion that he had repented of his speech of the night before and was running away, and in disguise at that, he gave it up; for he realized that the evidence was all against him.

"He is still single, and so is she; and I'm not saying what *may* happen yet, but the little story so far will aid somewhat in more firmly establishing the truth enunciated by the inimitable Longfellow when he penned those immortal lines:

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Will turn out badly now and then."

The former prize English pupil rose to protest, but the supper bell rang as he started and before he had spoken three words his late companions were disappearing in a cloud of dust in the direction of the dining room, with the Post Grad. man, from long practice, well in the lead.

W. G. S.



VIEWS IN AND OF MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING.



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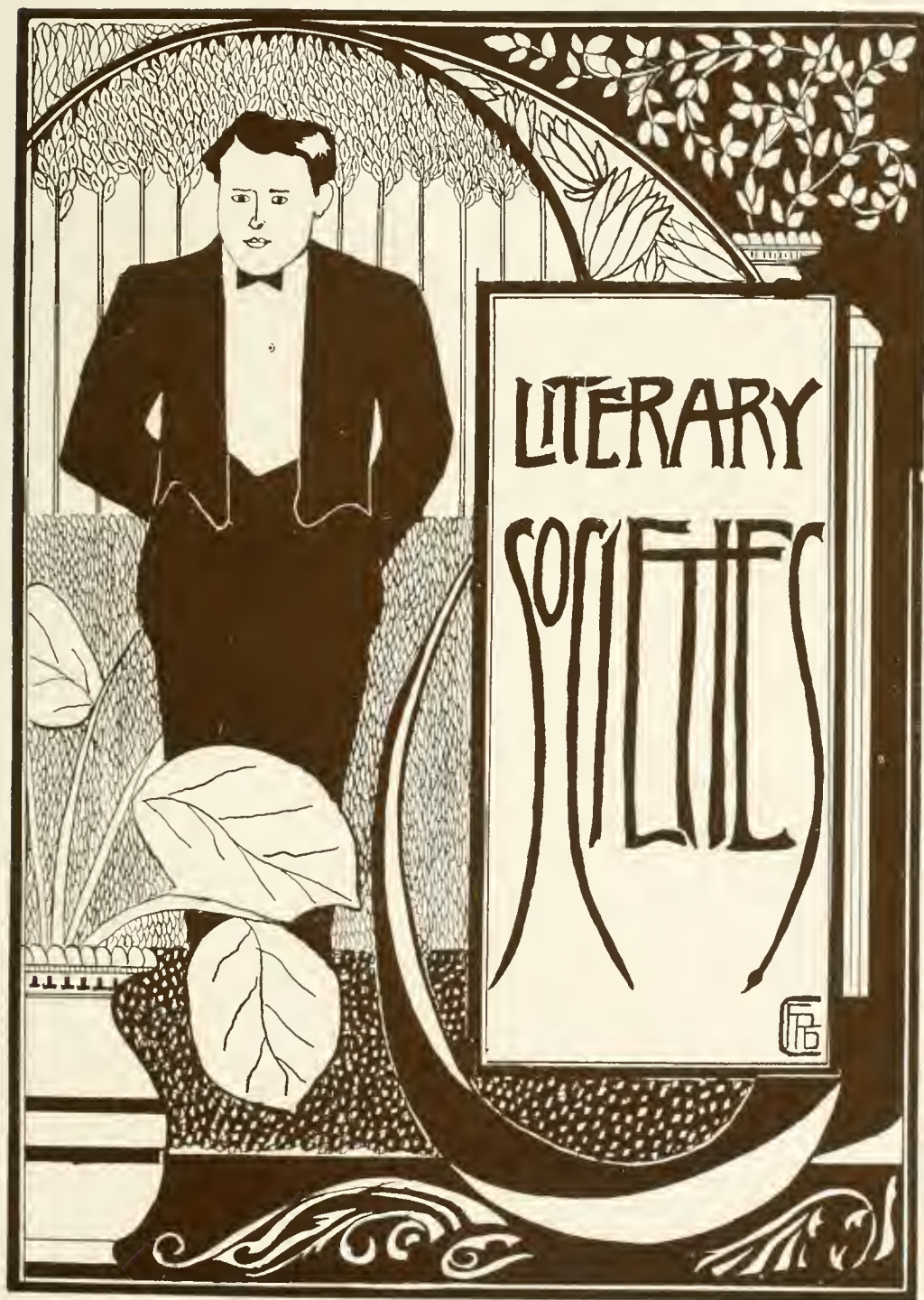
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PHOENIX FINAL MEN

Memories

A long, low stretch of dark and shadowy shore,
A surging waste of sobbing, moonlit sea,
A glimpse of happy days that used to be,
Days that are dead, alas! forevermore;
And at my feet in loud and deafening roar
The breakers rise and fall, as musingly
I watch the sea waves dancing as in glee,
And watching dream of long-lost days of yore,
Of treasured days, the halcyon days of youth,
Of memories dead rekindled with old pain,
But youth is merely now a bygone truth,
And those dear days will never come again
To one who stands beside the moonlit sea
And dreams of happy days that used to be.

—LESLIE LOTHAIR.





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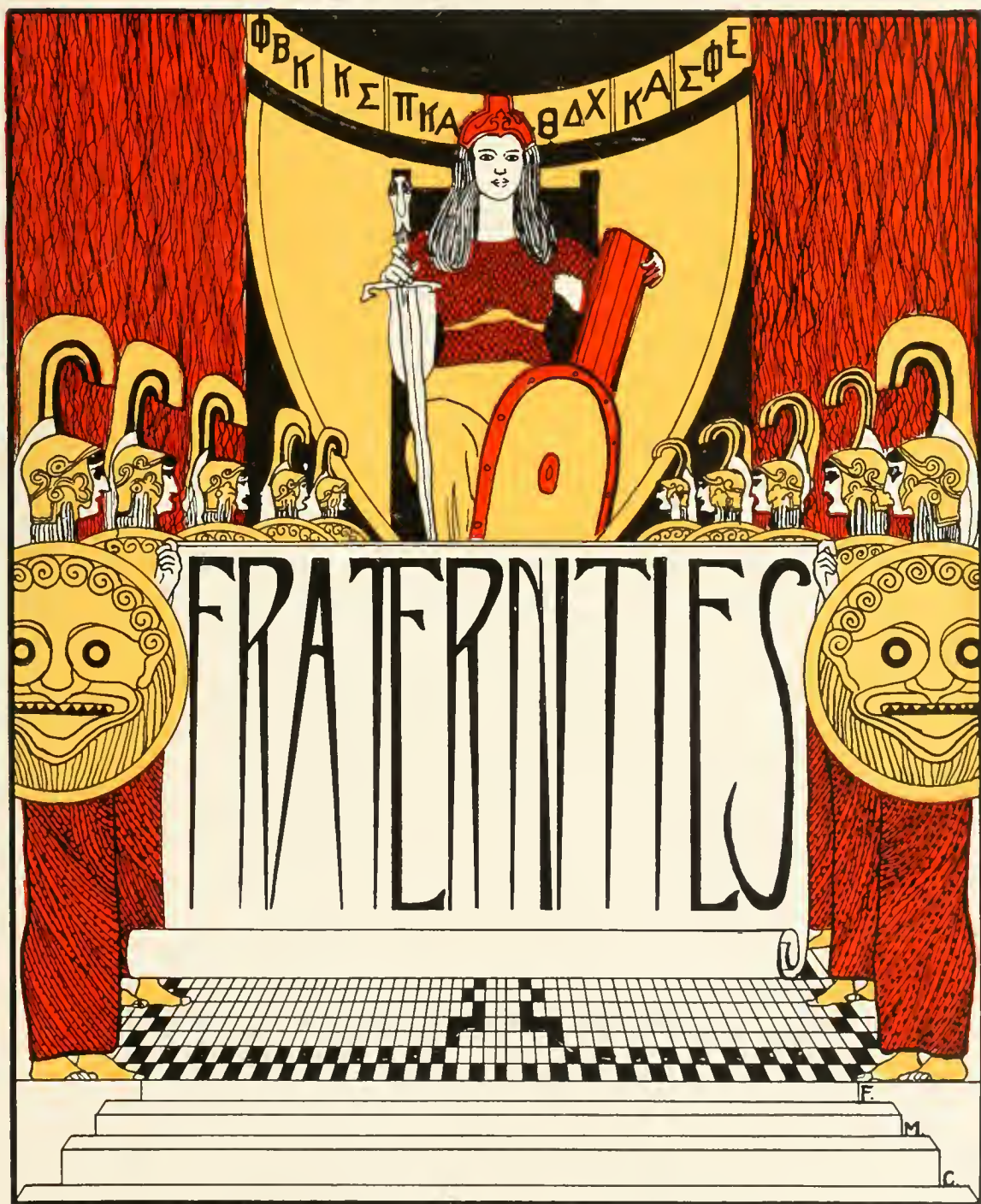


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Phi Beta Kappa Society

THE Phi Beta Kappa Society was born at the College of William and Mary during the early part of the Revolution. Its advent, however, was peaceful and peaceable: its founders were too young to take much part in the drama of war and bloodshed going on around them. This ancient society was organized December 5, 1776, and lived but four years before it was broken up by the Revolution. By the first of January, 1781, the storm came so near the old College that she closed her doors and sent many of her sons with the patriot army; the papers of the Phi Beta Kappa Society were turned over to the College steward, to be kept "until the joyful event of the society—its resurrection." These papers were lost. The young society went into a deep sleep at the parent chapter, and was not revived until 1849.

Meanwhile chapters had been established at Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth. These flourished and brought new lustre to the Society.

The mother chapter, in her first listrum, initiated about sixty members. Of these, many became distinguished as orators, publicists, statesmen; while the New England chapters elected many of the most brilliant youth of their section. Consequently, Phi Beta Kappa attained a national prestige, which she has never lost to the present day.

Originally, Phi Beta Kappa was an undergraduate literary and social society. In some respects, it was like the Greek-letter fraternities of our day. After the advent of these fraternities, however, Phi Beta Kappa gave up the undergraduate feature and elected star men from the upper classes. She now occupies a post-graduate relation to the other Greek-letter societies; she does not compete with them; an upperclassman can belong to both.

At William and Mary, resident students are not elected. After a student leaves college, he may be invited to join the Phi Beta Kappa. It is made a high honor, neither money nor social importance having any weight in the matter; he must deserve the honor.

The Civil War, like the Revolution, broke up the old Society. After the war, a few men were initiated, but no records were kept. Only a few members of the post-bellum period are living. In 1893, the chapter was put upon a permanent basis. Since then, it has grown in strength and importance, until it has become a very influential organization; until its help is sought by large institutions desiring chapters.

There are two classes of members at William and Mary. First, the young alumni, elected for special promise in letters and education; second, the honorary members, as they might be called, men already distinguished in letters, science, education, and public life. There are now about a hundred living members of this chapter; and the annual celebration is one of the most important literary events of the year.



Directory of Kappa Sigma

Beta—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Delta—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Zeta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Theta—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Iota—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Mu—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Nu—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Xi—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pi—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Sigma—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Tau—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Chi—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Psi—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Omega—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha Beta—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
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Alpha Zeta—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha Eta—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Theta—Southern Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn.
Alpha Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
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Alpha Mu—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Alpha Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
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Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
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Alpha Phi—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
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Beta Phi—Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.
Beta Chi—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
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Beta Omega—Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col.
Gamma Alpha—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.
Gamma Beta—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma Gamma—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.
Gamma Delta—Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.
Gamma Epsilon—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Gamma Zeta—New York University, New York, N. Y.
Gamma Eta—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Gamma Theta—University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.
Gamma Iota—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Gamma Kappa—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Eta Prime—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

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Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

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C

C



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Alpha Eta—University of Florida, Lake City, Fla.

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Founded 1868

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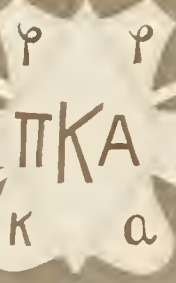
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Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
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Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865

COLORS

Crimson and Old Gold

FLOWERS

Magnolia and Red Rose

ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

Established in 1890

FLOWER

Violet

YELL

"Ka—Kappa!
Ka—Alpha!
Alpha—Zeta!
Kappa—Alpha!"

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FRANK P. MONCURE
G. HOWARD TUCKER
DOUGLAS M. DOLD
HUNTER L. GREGORY

W. WESTREY COBB
BENJAMIN E. COBB
CHAUNCEY E. DOVELL
HERBERT R. ETHERIDGE

FRATRES IN URBE

T. J. STUBBS, JR.

SPENCER LANE



W.W. Cobb

Jones

Perkins

G.H. Dorell

G.A. Dorell

C.E. Dorell

C. A. Dorell

Maycura

Etheridge

B.E. Cobb

Campbell

Brooks

Tucker

Gregory

P. C. C.



Theta Delta Chi Directory

Beta—Cornell University, 1870
Gamma Deuteron—University of Michigan, 1889
Delta Deuteron—University of California, 1900
Epsilon—College of William and Mary, 1853
Zeta—Brown University, 1853
Zeta Deuteron—McGill University, 1901
Eta—Bowdoin University, 1854
Eta Deuteron—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1903
Iota—Harvard University, 1856
Iota Deuteron—Williams College, 1891
Kappa—Tufts College, 1856
Lambda—Boston University, 1877
Mu Deuteron—Amherst College, 1885
Xu Deuteron—Lehigh University, 1884
Xi—Hobart College, 1857
Omicron Deuteron—Dartmouth College, 1869
Pi Deuteron—College of the City of New York, 1881
Rho Deuteron—Columbia University, 1883
Sigma Deuteron—University of Wisconsin, 1895
Tau Deuteron—University of Minnesota, 1895
Phi—Lafayette College, 1867
Chi—University of Rochester, 1867
Chi Deuteron—George Washington University, 1896
Psi—Hamilton College, 1868
Theta Deuteron—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1906

GRADUATE ASSOCIATIONS

New England Association, Boston, Mass., 1884
New York Graduate Association, New York, 1856
Southern Graduate Association, Washington, D. C., 1887
Central Graduate Association, Chicago, Ill., 1890
Buffalo Graduate Association, Buffalo, N. Y., 1891
New York Graduate Club, New York, 1896
Pacific Association, Berkeley, Cal., 1897
Rhode Island Alumni Association, 1898
Haverhill Theta Delta Chi Association, Haverhill, Mass., 1900
The Frank J. Kline Association, 1900
Western Pennsylvania Association, 1903
Southern California Graduate Association, 1903
Ohio Graduate Association, —
Rochester Graduate Association, —
Central New York Graduate Association, —

CHARGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

Beta Graduate Association, 1890
Kappa Graduate Association, 1892
Lambda Graduate Association, 1899
Xi Graduate Association, 1899
Gamma Deuteron Association, 1900
Iota Deuteron Alumni Association, 1904
Mu Deuteron Alumni Association, 1901
Chi Deuteron Graduate Association, 1901
Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1902
Rho Deuteron Alumni Association, 1902
Iota Alumni Association, 1902
Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association, 1903
Delta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1903
Eta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1904
Epsilon Alumni Association, 1904
Phi Alumni Association, 1904
Pi Deuteron Alumni Association, 1904

Theta Delta Chi Fraternity

Founded at Union College 1848

COLORS

Black, White and Blue

FLOWER

Red Carnation

YELL

"Rah, Rah, Theta!

Rah, Rah, Delta!

Rah, Rah, Chi!

Theta Theta Theta!

Theta Delta Chi!"

EPSILON CHARGE

Established 1853

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

HENRY H. MARSDEN, '08

RAYMOND B. SMALL, '09

ROBERT H. STANDING, '08

DUNCAN McRAE, '09

JOHN L. LAWLESS, JR., '10

SOL W. RAWLS, '10

EMMETT B. FAISON, '07

ARTHUR C. SMITH, '09

AUGUSTINE W. LEWIS, '09

CHARLIE A. TAYLOR, JR., '09

HERBERT S. JOYNES, '10

G. WILLIAM LAND, '10

RUSSELL V. SHUMADINE, '10

THETA DELTA CHI



64X



E. B. FAISON



H. H. MARSTON



R. B. SMALL



A. LEWIS



A. C. SMITH



R. H. STANDING



J. TAYLOR



F. V. SHOENMADINE



S. T. RAINS



D. M. RAE



1929



J. H. LESS



J. S. JOYNES



G. W. LAND



1960

Sigma Phi Epsilon Directory

Founded at Richmond College, 1900

FOUNDERS

CARTER A. JENKINS, GOLDSBORO, N. C.
BENJ. D. GAW, STUART'S DRAFT, VA.
W. HUGH CARTER, CHASE CITY, VA.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, STUART'S DRAFT, VA.
THOMAS T. WRIGHT, RUTHER GLEN, VA.
WILLIAM L. PHILLIPS, NEWARK, N. J.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Gamma—Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
Delta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Epsilon—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Eta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Beta Alpha—University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma Beta—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Delta Alpha—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Delta Beta—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delta Gamma—Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.
Delta Delta—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Epsilon Alpha—University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.
Eta Beta—North Carolina A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
Theta Alpha—Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.
Theta Beta—Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Iota Alpha—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Kappa Alpha—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Lambda Alpha—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Gamma Gamma—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mu Alpha—Delaware College, Newark, Del.
Nu Alpha—Iowa University, Iowa City, Iowa.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond, Va.
Beta—Norfolk, Va.
Gamma—Philadelphia, Pa.
Delta—Chicago, Ill.
Epsilon—New York City, N. Y.
Eta—Washington, D. C.

Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

COLORS

Purple and Red

FLOWER

American Beauty

DELTA CHAPTER

Established June 11, 1904

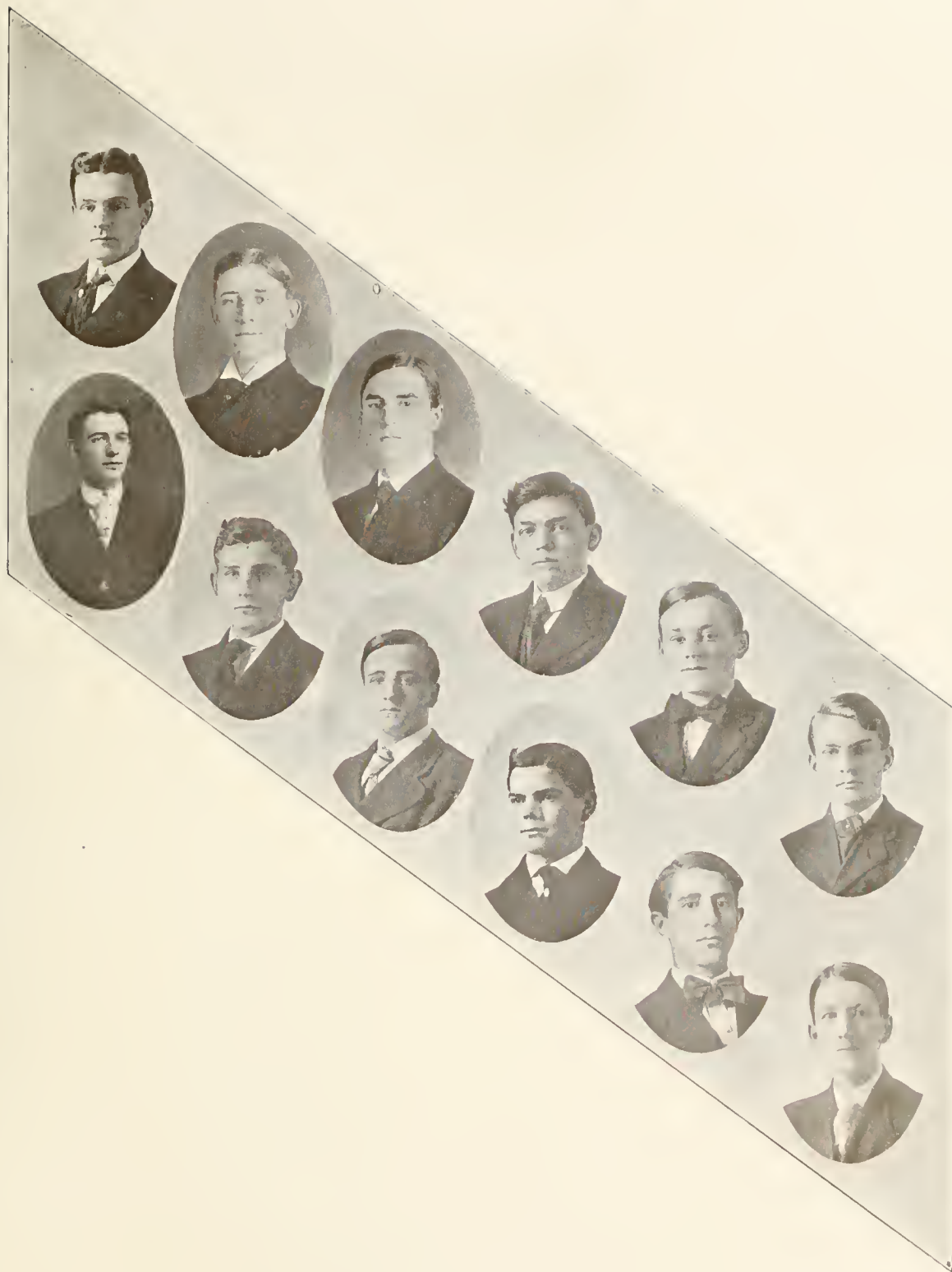
FLOWER

Red Rose

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CHARLES CLARENCE DURKEE
GAIUS LIVIUS HADDON JOHNSON
JOHN HOLMID BOWEN
JOHN YOUNG MASON
VIRGINIUS LAND ARNOLD
FRANCIS ELLIOTT HALL McLEAN

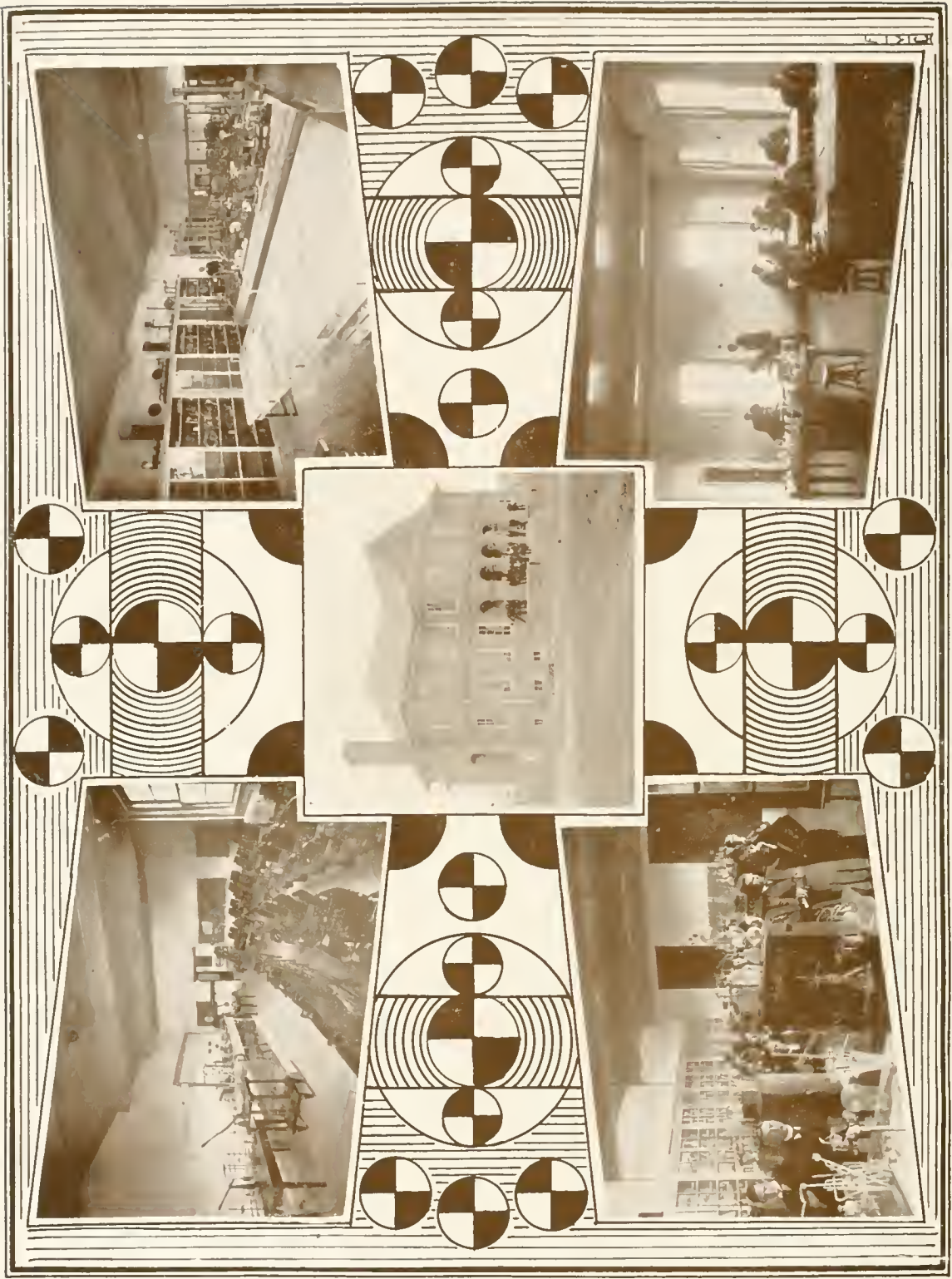
GEORGE CARROLL TAYLOR
HARRY BRIDGERS FINCH
GEORGE PRINCE ARNOLD
WILLIAM HERBERT GALE
HENRY LEE SAVEDGE
STANLEY WHITE BARBER



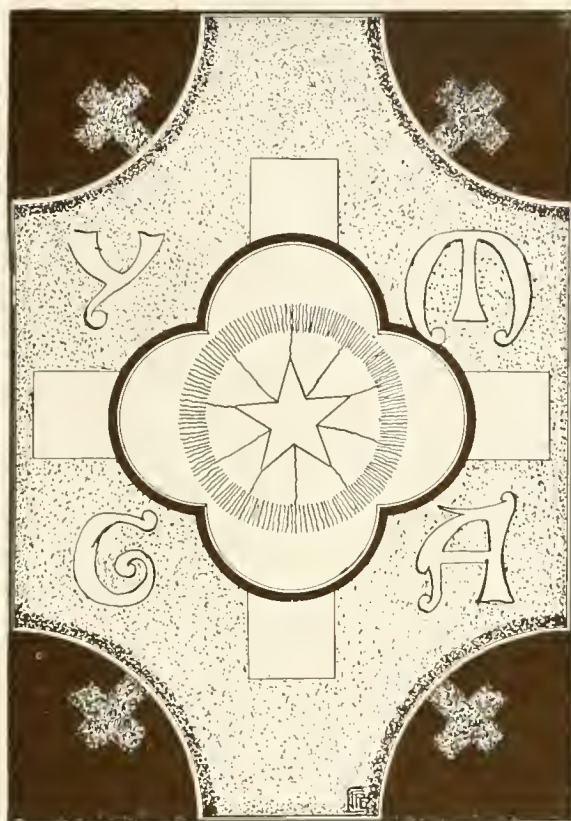
SIGMA PHI EPSILON FRATERNITY

Echo Election

Most Popular Man—Evans, Wigglesworth, G. A. Dovell
Most Intellectual Man—Ferguson, Wigglesworth, J. B. Terrell
Best All-Round Man—Somers, Dade, Driver
Best Football Player—G. A. Dovell, Somers, Hankins
Best Baseball Player—Joynes, Longnecker, Somers
Handsome Man—Hankins, C. A. Taylor, Blackwell
Ideal Professor—Ritchie, Wilson, Montgomery
Best Poet—Lindsley, Wagner, Ferguson
Best Prose Writer—Lindsley, Ferguson, J. B. Terrell
Most Inexplicable Man—Douglass, Wigglesworth, Hope
Biggest Wire Puller—Douglass, Wagner, Ferguson
Most Refined Man—Wing, Perkins, Evans
Most Awkward Man—Savage, Tyler, Patterson
The Calico Sport—West, Ransone, Yancey
Misogynist—Blackwell, Roach, H. N. Tucker
Most Intelligent Man—Ferguson, J. B. Terrell, J. F. Jones
The Grind—Snow, R. C. Young, Hope
Gourmand—White, Wagner, Parker
The Greenest Man—Wessells, Hopkins, Patterson
Brassiest Man—H. H. Young, Ewell, G. A. Dovell
Biggest Liar—Jamison, Townsend, Land
Gas Bag—G. A. Dovell, Wall, R. F. Terrell
Biggest Bluff—Roach, G. A. Dovell, Ferguson
Biggest Loafer—R. F. Terrell, Little, Crawford



SCIENCE HALL AND VIEWS



OFFICERS

C. E. KOONTZ, PRESIDENT

D. D. SIZER, VICE-PRESIDENT

W. S. TERRELL, RECORDING SECRETARY

H. L. WOMACK, COR. SECRETARY

H. P. WALL, TREASURER

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

C. L. EBELL, BIBLE STUDY

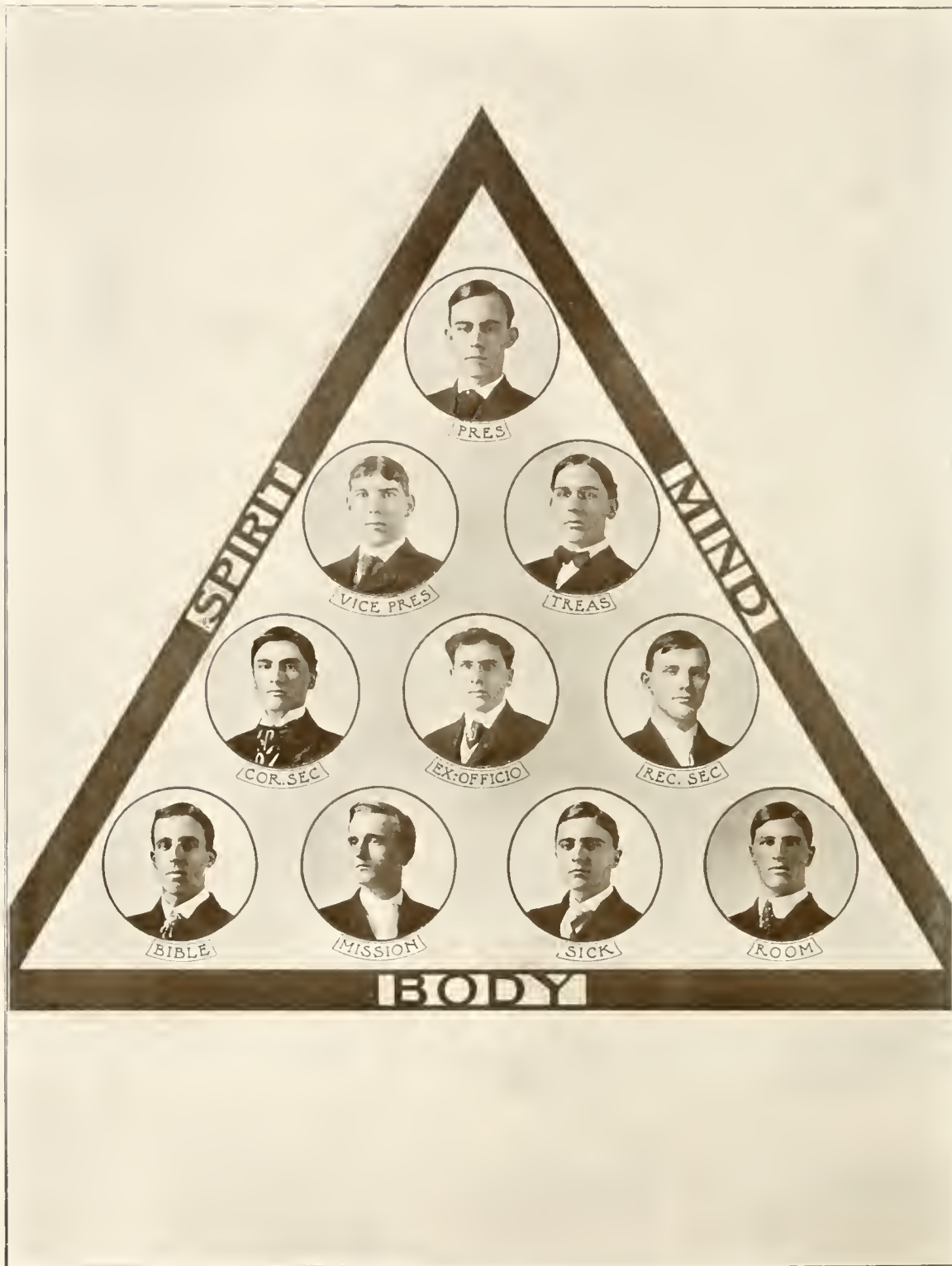
C. C. BELL, MISSIONARY

R. C. YOUNG, MEMBERSHIP

E. W. KOONTZ, SICK

F. P. WILKINSON, ROOM

H. H. YOUNG, DELEGATION



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

History of the Y. M. C. A.

IN the brief space allotted to us we hardly know where to begin, or what to say, as so much presents itself to us, when we begin to think of the great work the Y. M. C. A. is doing in the world to-day. Those of us who have kept in close touch with the various phases of Y. M. C. A. work, such as: State, city, college, railroad, arm and navy, county, the student volunteer movement, and others, know of the wonderful progress it has made in the last few years. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to our God, who has so richly blessed us.

The college work, we feel, is second in importance to none, for it is to the colleges we must look for leading men. Besides, the Christian Association is a very essential organization in a college. We believe in developing an all-round man, the mind, the body, and the spirit. In the lecture rooms we develop our minds, on the athletic field and in the gymnasium we develop our bodies; we must therefore have something in college to develop the spiritual man. The Young Men's Christian Association is God's agent there.

It is upon the work of the Y. M. C. A. in our College since the last issue of this publication that I wish especially to speak at this time. The final sermon before the Y. M. C. A. last June was delivered by Dr. Foster, of the Presbyterian church, Petersburg, Va. His able address, and polished manner of speaking, left a lasting impression upon all who heard him.

It is with grateful hearts to our Master that we record another year of progress and increasing interest in the religious activities of the College. The Asheville delegates and the remainder of the committee for the Fall Campaign, returned two days before the opening of College for a "setting up" conference. We were fortunate to have with us Messrs. Weatherford and McNeill, our Secretaries, whose valuable assistance, not only at this time, but throughout the year, cannot be too highly commended. Dr. Bishop and Dr. Hall of the faculty, several ministers of the town, and others, who have always manifested great interest in our work, were also present. We believe that this conference, with the special help of Mr. Weatherford, meant much to us.

An information bureau was arranged for the new students during the first week. Friday night of the first week we had a "College night," where all phases of college life were presented by representative College men, and select speakers. A reception preceded the speaking, and a canvass for members followed. Many were enrolled—both students and professors. The roll has since exceeded one hundred and thirty members. We were greatly indebted to the ladies of the town for their assistance in providing refreshments, thus making this meeting a far greater success. At this time it seems to me only fitting that our sincere thanks

should be made known to the people of the town in general, for their liberal, loyal, and faithful support of our work at all times.

Much planning and prayerful consideration has been given to the organization of our work in all of its departments.

The Chairmen of the Bible and Mission departments, with the faithful assistance of the leaders, have gotten the work in excellent shape. We offer three Bible courses, have eight classes organized with an enrollment of over a hundred, and an average attendance of about seventy-five. Mr. Ebell, the Chairman of the Bible work, has been the Normal Bible Class leader for this year. There are five mission courses offered, with an enrollment of fifty men. We also give to the support of Mr. Hubbard, a missionary in Cuba. We have a volunteer band of two men. Our earnest hope is that this band will grow.

Our religious meetings have been very well attended, though not as well as they might have been. At these meetings, as usual, practical and vital questions are discussed, pertaining to "College Ideals," "Life Work," and "Spiritual Growth." Our speakers are chosen from the student body, faculty and ministers of the town. We are blessed to have so many of the professors and ministers ever willing to speak, and to keep before us the true ideals of Christian living.

We are very fortunate in securing Dr. McDaniel, of the First Baptist church, Richmond, to hold two meetings at the first of the session, also, Rev. Mr. Goodwin of the Episcopal church here, who held a series of meetings the last week in March. The earnest and forceful addresses of these speakers were listened to by a crowded hall of students. Several men decided to renew their vows, and one to take his first manly stand for Christ. We believe these meetings have greatly helped to give a better spiritual tone to our College.

The "Week of Prayer" was observed the second week in November. Fourteen groups were arranged throughout the College and fraternity houses. Our strongest men were selected as leaders, many other Christian men assisting. The program suggested by the International Committee was followed, with few exceptions. The attendance was about one hundred and fifty each night.

We sent five men to the Asheville Conference last June. Seventeen delegates, including Dr. Bishop of the faculty, represented us at the "Student Conference" held at the University of Virginia, February 8 to 10, 1907. Although we have been blessed with strong delegations for the past few years, we hope to increase them in the future, especially to the "Southern Students Conference" held each year at Asheville. This is one of the principal means of training our leaders, and our experience in the past has proven that it is money well spent, for our best and most active workers are the Asheville delegates.

Although we have been successful this year, and have had many occasions to rejoice and thank our Master who has blessed us, yet we realize that we have made

mistakes, and have had some failures; that we have left undone much which we might have done, for our field is large and so full of opportunities for service. Let us profit by all that has been done in the past, and may we take new courage and brighter hope, looking for higher and nobler things in the future, working with greater faith, and praying for larger vision and greater power to promote God's cause among our fellow students.

Sunset in the Hills

A long blue rift between the fleecy clouds,
Hanging aloft above yon mountain's crest;
Beneath the shadow of the darkening shrouds
A gleam of sunlight in the purple west.
In solemn stillness comes gray twilight down,
The creeping shadows steal across the hills,
The goddess Day has thrown aside her crown
Of gold and purple as the Night god wills.
Ye mountains, and ye sturdy folk who dwell
Within their rugged wilds, I pray that you
Will guard Columbia's liberty and well,
And to her cedars then will e'er be true,
Which wave triumphantly from sea to sea,
O'er this loved land so blest by liberty.

—ROBIN ADAMS.

It is Rumored

That Reed's epidermis is convalescent.

That Dr. Tyler will enter "Old Spotswood" and "Frank" at the Jamestown Exposition.

That Virginius Arnold is the most popular candidate for *captain* of our next baseball team.

That Rear-Admiral "Speedy" Terrell and Commodore Dillard will be W. and M.'s naval attaché at the Jamestown maneuvers.

That Finch is a pet with the Faculty.

That W. W. Cobb has accepted a position as coachman in town.

That William and Mary sent a track team to Norfolk, March 16th.

That the favorite yell at the Norfolk meet was "Go it, Ransone."

That John Wagner's poem, "The Politician" will appear in the July issue of the Magazine.

That since the Junior election, Douglass has lost interest in politics.

That the College boarding house went five thousand dollars in debt last year.

"Turn down an empty glass."—Brent.

"Let me not burst in ignorance."—Hopkins.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."—Lindsley.

"He knew the cause of every maladie

Were it of cold or hote or moist or drie."—Dr. Hankins.

"O, place of bliss."—Lover's Lane.

"His lady is away with another mate."—Heflin.

"I know the heavenly nature of my mind
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will."—Zachary.

"A frere there was, a wanton and a merry."—Frank.

"Vaunting himself upon his rising toes."—Bowen.

"O! Villains."—Northern Neck Club.

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."—Shewmake.

"Fling away ambition—

By that sin fell the angels."—Douglass.

Mrs. Oglesby's Lion

THE lights were in full blast in Mrs. Oglesby's fortnightly crush. Cards had been distributed to a favored hundred, and the ninety and nine were there. It was too bad that the dressmaker had fooled Mrs. Ham-Bacon; otherwise they would have been a full company. The parlors were beautifully decorated. Snifkins, the florist, had done his best; and it was being whispered that the rascal had not spared the expense. Just how such a report originated nobody knew. Snifkins was not there himself to testify. And Mrs. Oglesby's jewels were,—well, there are no words; they fairly bewildered one to behold them. Supposedly a part of the famous Monte Cristo treasure. Somewhere,—oh yes, behind a bank of palms,—Snifkin's palms, was an orchestra, which had been imported from—er—Boston? Yes, that is right, Boston. What a magnificent lot of men they were, with their mustaches turned wrong side up and their hair standing on end. See, they are going to play. "Oh what divine music! It is *Schubert's Serenade*. No? It is *The Intermezzo*. No? Why certainly, how stupid,—it is *Il Trovatore*. No, it is 'Ev'ry Nigger Had a Lady but Me.' And the man presiding at the bass viol is such a soulful-looking person. His brow is like Beethoven's."

"A trifle stout? Yes, she is, but Mrs. Oglesby is such a handsome woman, and,—it is *so* good to be here."

An Imp:—"What are we here for? Gad, I don't know. Let's go out and have a smoke; I want air. Have you see the Dutchman? No? Well, don't. How in thunder Oglesby can stand this is a mystery to me. Why, they've got potted plants here to-night from—eh? Pottsville? Yes, Pottsville. And the palms are so thick in that back parlor that I am afraid every time I go in there that a cannibal will hop out and eat me up. Sugar broke at four and three-quarters to-day, did it catch you short?"

An Angel:—"Why, Mrs. Samson-Samson, I thought you were never coming. Mr. Samson-Samson detained you, did he? The wretch. Have you met Herr Gesundheit who is to play for us this evening? Be extremely careful now; he is *so* eccentric. Poor, dear Mrs. Babablacksheep ran away from him in tears. He was so rude, she thought; but bless his dear heart, it is his way. He may pull your ears or pluck a button off your dress, but don't mind him in the least. He is just from a tour through Hungary, I think it is, where the people are crazy about music. He has kindly consented to play four selections for us this evening, and what do you suppose? A thousand dollars, isn't it awful; but what are we going to do?"

The menagerie was in a far corner of the blue parlors. So were most of the spectators, and they were feeding the Lion intellectual peanuts. Thitherward Mrs. Oglesby escorted her favored guest; but it was difficult work approaching the King

of Beasts. Mrs. DeVanrevel had a right of way, being nearest the cage, and she was quizzing the celebrity after this fashion: "And aren't you crazy about American music?"

"Bah, der stuff. I don'd like ut. You haf no moosic. Vat you call moosic ut iss not ut at all. Donnerwetter, such ignorance I haf nefer imachined."

Herr Gesundheit spoke rapidly, working his mouth like a catapult, and shooting forth unintelligible bunches of gutturals which repulsed if they did not convince. Once when he paused for a word which did not come readily he expressed his impatience by pulling out a handful of hair and kicking over a borrowed vase. When Mrs. Oglesby reached him with her friend he was rearranging his pompadour, coaxing back his obstreperous shirt bosom which was fighting its way out at the sides, and incidentally swearing at the United States Government.

Soufully the hostess exclaimed, "Oh, Herr Gesundheit, I want to present my dearest friend, Mrs. Samson-Samson; she is so fond of music."

"Vy haf you two Samsons? Iss not one strong enough for you? Are you a moosician? I tink so. You haf a fine mout' for de piccolo. Do you know goot moosic? I haf no doubt you remember dat line from Schnitzendenbel, my faforite composer—Umph, a-a-de-e-e-i-i-i-diddle—diddle—de yum-dum, de yah do.' Iss not dat sweedt? Oh, excoose me, did I knock over dat flower? Vell, forget it."

Mrs. Jewhiz now came up. She knew German, so she imagined.

"Ich spreke Doitch," she ventured.

"Madam, I don'd understandt you. Speak English to me. Vy iss ut dat people vill try to speak German mit me ven dey don'd know a vord of it? Vere iss de place vere I play, Missus Hoogleshy?"

"This way, Herr Gesundheit." And she led him a triumphal march over jardinieres and juvenile palms, lace curtains and imported trains. Not even Colonel Boozem's gout was spared.

"It iss not a '*Bubschen*,'" growled the Professor, as he beheld the instrument he was to use. Vy haf I not a '*Bubschen*' to play, eh? Don'd you know I nefer play a '*Monark*'?"

Poor Mrs. Oglesby did not know what to do. She apologized profusely in a low tone, but Miss Prim, society reporter of the *Rapier*, heard every word; and there was a wee suspicion of the friction in the column the next day. Mr. Oglesby then took a hand, hissing through his teeth at Herr and jingling his coins in his pocket, and the Performer began to whirl the stool.

Ponderously the Lion sat down. Shaking his mane, he glared fiercely around him at the wonder-stricken gathering. He ran his fingers over the keys, touching them ever so lightly. Miss Gossip giggled sillily. By way of revenge Herr Gesundheit struck high "G" with his clenched fist. The initiated watched

breathlessly, as did likewise the uninitiated. German music is like German sausage: a German can stand pounds of it, but an American stalls at the prospect. Sweet strains of Wagner's latest vibrated even to the place where the rafters were supposed to be. Each face bore an expression little short of rapture. It was no common thing to be in a position to behold a man who made about seventy-five cents every time his finger touched a key on the piano. Truly, as George Ponsonby said, "it was like getting money from home." The women crowded around the Musical Wonder, but the men lounged around outside on a piazza and wished that they might get farther away, where they could hear nothing worse than "Ach, die Liebe Augustine," a bewitching accompaniment to the munching of sweitzer sandwiches and the sipping of Budweiser.

When the act was over they jammed Herr Gesundheit into a corner, where he ground out musical criticism at a remarkable rate, and gathered in armful after armful of well-chosen gush which was in addition to his pay. What matters it that Hawkshurst, the Awkward, has fallen into a vessel of simlax? The fun is fast and furious enough for anyone. The only person who is not thoroughly enjoying the evening is Uncle Benjamin Angleworm, an ancestor of Mrs. Oglesby's, neatly done in oil, and roosting over the mantel.

Another roar from the Lion, and a stroll through the gardens which were beautifully festooned with lanterns—all sorts of lanterns. Some red, some green, some pink. One containing the Sacred Peacock of Korea in effigy; another The White Bull of some other Seaport. Imaginary dragons snapped at the visitors and fireworks stole furtively into the air. It was a gala night; but the Moon must give way to Music. The Celebrity plays the call to refreshments, and there is a mad rush for the cozy corners.

Ebony waiters, resplendent in new shadetails, serve the omnivorous guests to scalloped oysters and chicken salad and California olives with Lucca labels and cheese crackers and a queer concoction which is a cross between *chile con carne* and pigsfeet. The oldest inhabitant cannot guess what it is; and Doctor Fezzo who is present in a semi-official capacity, smiles upon it and with an observing eye selects the prospective patients who will call him out before morning. Then follows Neapolitan Cream made in fantastic images and furnished by Smilati, the Dago, who is all the rage for confections. Dyspepsia stalked grimly through the room and selected his victims; and the druggist who kept on the corner stood in front of the house and figured on the bromo-seltzer trade for the morrow.

The refreshments are so invigorating that when they are all through the company feels as if it could stand the last selection of the evening, "King Pumpernickel," which goes off with a whoop and winds up abruptly.

Regretfully the company breaks up. Mrs. Oglesby pumps each visitor a cordial "good-night." The air is thick with, "How delightful," "You darling," and "How sweet of you to come," and "Isn't Herr Gesundheit an old dear?"

And many other exclamations which have come down to us from Adam, or rather Eve, with but slight variation.

The palms take on a withered look, as if loath to part with the Professor; the festoons do not seem to festoon as clipper as of yore; the tinsel now looks tawdry, and Mr. and Mrs. Oglesby gaze upon the wreck, Mrs. Oglesby with longing, Mr. Oglesby with silent, though eloquent, profanity. They move on to their apartment. The visitors wend their way homeward. Herr Gesundheit catches a car going down town and finds himself just in time to fill his appointment with Herr Fecklenstein at Fritz Bendenheim's, where they consume frankfurters until far into the morning and go home reeking with smoke.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.

We Hear on Good Authority

That Prof. Terrell refugeed in Loudoun Co. during the quarantine.

That Dr. Tyler is again at work on his cradle for the young republic.

That Hopkins is planning a new political campaign.

That "Fatty" was bucked.

That Evans's dog is shy of the Brafferton Indians.

That Dr. Coffey has been vaccinated against Calico, and it took.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,"—Somers and Ransone (during the quarantine).

"Quousque tandem abutere, studentes, patientia nostra,"—Williamsburg girls.

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as she deserves,"—Dr. Coffey.

"Every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man,"—G. P. Arnold.

"At Linwood is a lady fair,"—Durkee.

"When shall we three meet again,"—Somers, Ransone, and Townsend.

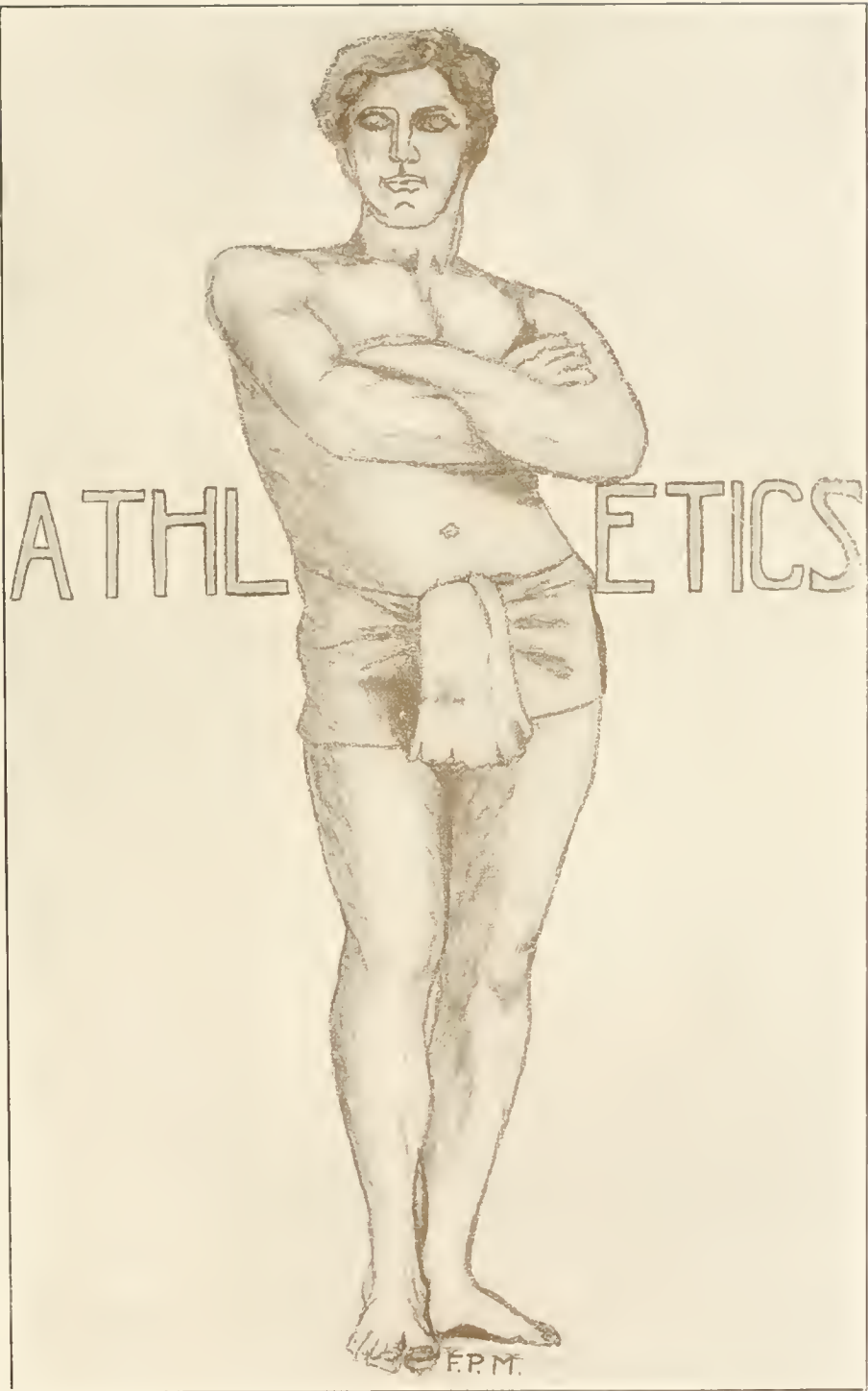
"If he should sing by day

When every goose is cackling, would he thought

No better a musician than the wren,"—Parsley.

"Come put your little hand in mine,"—Prof. Crawford.

"Thou hast cleft my heart in twain,"—Evans.



Athletics at William and Mary

DURING the past year, athletics at William and Mary have been managed very successfully. Her football, baseball and basket-ball teams have reflected much credit upon their Alma Mater. In athletics, as well as in all other phases of college life, William and Mary stands for all that is clean and honorable. In this age we read and hear much about the "evils" and "abuse" in athletics at the great colleges and universities of our country. We are glad to state that William and Mary has not yet been infected by any such evils. We are not a training school for professionals, nor do we harbor any, and we expect the other colleges with whom we have any relations to follow our example.

Although our football season was not as successful as we would liked to have had it, yet we cannot refrain from saying that William and Mary had a team which any institution might well feel proud of. During the first part of the season, we were without an experienced coach, and this fact placed the team at a great disadvantage. The latter part of October, Mr. James Barry, a former Virginia star, took charge of the team. He worked faithfully with the team and in the championship games with Randolph-Macon and Richmond colleges, our team showed the result of his fine training. We believe that if Mr. Barry had been with us throughout the season, William and Mary would have had a clean record of victories. Football is one of the most important branches in a college athletics and William and Mary ought to realize this fact. We should give our teams the best training possible, and unless we do this we cannot expect to see them rank with those of our sister colleges.

Basket-ball has become one of the most popular branches of athletics, since its introduction, two years ago. In the two years that William and Mary has had a basket-ball team, she has lost only two games and has won two championships. The team this year made an enviable record. It proved that it was the superior of any in the State. A very strong schedule was arranged, but owing to the suspension of college exercises, the games arranged with Virginia, Georgetown and Randolph-Macon College had to be cancelled; the rest of the games scheduled were played. In the game played against the Richmond Y. M. C. A., although William and Mary was defeated, we do not acknowledge that she was defeated by a superior team. The game was played in a gymnasium which had four posts in the middle of the floor. The gymnasium being a small one, these posts made team work impossible and turned the game into one of chance rather than skill.

William and Mary did not do very much work in track athletics this year. We took part in the Norfolk meet, but owing to lack of practice the team did not make a very good showing. We are glad to announce that William and Mary has

become a member of the Virginia Interscholastic Athletic Association, and we hope that this department of athletics will now receive the consideration which is due it. When our new running track is completed, we shall have ample facilities for track work.

The baseball season is well under way, but owing to our annual going to press early, we are unable to give an account of the season's games. The team is being coached by Mr. Jas. Barry, our last season's football coach, and we predict a most successful season. There are five of last year's team back, and, with some fine material from the Freshman Class, we are expecting great things of our baseball team.

Through the generosity of Mr. J. Archibald Cary, of Richmond, William and Mary is to have a new athletic field. It will be ready for use by the opening of the football season next fall. We shall have ample facilities for baseball, football and track athletics. A grand stand and bleachers are to be erected; these will supply a long needed want. This new addition to the college's athletics ought to give new life to all its different branches. We wish to express to Mr. Cary through these columns our appreciation for his generous gift.

In conclusion, we desire to express our appreciation to the faculty, students and all others who have helped to make our athletics a success during the past year.

















































































































































































































































































































































































































































































































OFFICERS GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Athletic Department

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 PHYSICAL DIRECTOR, H. W. WITHERS

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MANAGER, J. W. HEFLIN
 ASSISTANT MANAGER, H. H. MARSDEN

BASEBALL DEPARTMENT

MANAGER, G. L. H. JOHNSON
 ASSISTANT MANAGER, H. G. CARTER

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

G. T. SOMERS

H. P. WALL

C. E. KOONTZ



BASKET-BALL TEAM, TRACK TEAM AND GYMNASIUM CLASS

RECORD OF GAMES

FOOTBALL

Norfolk High School 0	William and Mary 10
V. P. I. 12	William and Mary 0
Y. P. I. 28	William and Mary 0
A. & M. 40	William and Mary 0
Richmond College 23	William and Mary 0
Richmond College 6	William and Mary 0
Randolph-Macon College 6	William and Mary 4
Brambleton Business College 0	William and Mary 10

BASKET-BALL

Hampton A. C. 8	William and Mary 31
Newport News Y. M. C. A. 10	William and Mary 18
Newport News Y. M. C. A. 10	William and Mary 18
Portsmouth Y. M. C. A. 13	William and Mary 49
Richmond Y. M. C. A. 38	William and Mary 17

BASKET-BALL TEAM

H. W. WITHERS, Coach

DRIVER	Left Forward
HALL, J. L. }	Right Forward
SMALL }	
MARSDEN (Capt.)	Centre
ELLIS	Right Guard
SCHLOSSBERG	Left Guard

RELAY TEAM

DOVELL (Capt.)	KIRKMEYER
LAND (Sub.)	
STRONG	RANSONE



BASEBALL TEAM

BASEBALL TEAM

G. L. H. JOHNSON, MANAGER

JAMES BARRY, Va. Coach

SOMERS (Capt.)	Third Base
MARSDEN	First Base
LEWIS	Pitcher
LONGNECKER	Second Base
DRIVER	Centre Field
JOYNES	Shortstop
KIRKMEYER	Catcher
TAYLOR	Right Field
ARNOLD	Left Field
McCANDLISH	Left Field
GARTH	Right Field



Alone

A pine on the hilltop
Is standing alone;
As leaves in the autumn
Its comrades were mown;
For the hand of the axeman
Had sought out the best,
Had left this one standing,
Had slaughtered the rest;
And high on the hilltop
It's standing alone,
A sound as of sorrow,
Alike to a groan,
Comes mournfully from it,
Alone, all alone.

A rock in mid ocean
Is standing alone,
Around it for ages
The salt spray has blown;
The waves in their dashings
Have worn all away
Save this that is standing
Amid the salt spray;
And high o'er the billows
It's standing alone,
Around it the breakers
In drear monotone
Forever seem mourning,
Alone, all alone.

And I in the ocean
Of life am alone,
All the rest of my race
Have left me and flown;
As the pine on the hill
And spray-covered stone
The rest of my loved ones
Have left me and gone,
And I in the ocean
Of life am alone,
From the depths of my soul
There cometh a groan
As from a heart bursting,
Alone, all alone.





There is an old legend, which the writer will not vouch for the truth of, that the Brafferton was built with bricks taken from the walks of ancient Troy; that Captain John Smith was the brick-layer, while each brick that he laid was received from the fairy fingers of the "Little Indian Maiden," Pocahontas, and that her chieftain-father, Powhatan, bossed the job. Whether this be true or not, it is a historical fact that the Brafferton is the oldest Indian school-building in America, and even the most credulous will admit that the Brafferton (originally co-educational) numbered among her students Pocahontas and numbers of the ancient Indian braves and that John Smith and Columbus were among her early presidents. Although the old Brafferton wigwam bears the scars of the weathering storms of centuries; although she has thrice witnessed the college of William and Mary go down in her ashes, only, each time, Phoenix-like, to arise greater and more beautiful still, yet, the walls of this old wigwam stand out to-day as stately and majestic in their rugged beauty as the Indian braves who once sought knowledge within them. For many years the college authorities have recognized the fact that it was impossible for anyone to live within this old wigwam without breathing the atmosphere and catching the spirit of the "Red Man" which still lingers within her walls, and not many years ago President Tyler secured from one of Spottswood's old forts on the York, a "devilish" looking gun that belched forth clouds of smoke and tongues of fire and placed it near the wigwam of the "Brafferton Indians," thinking thereby to intimidate them into silence, but—not so. The fears first kindled at the sight of this "iron monster" soon vanished. Bows and arrows were thrown aside for this more modern instrument of warfare and ere long, the sleeping fossils of "Middle Plantation" were startled from their slumbers by the thundering peals of old Spottswood, mingled with the terrifying warwhoops of the Brafferton Indians. So nearly alike did the characteristics of the Brafferton Indians become to those of the ancient "Red Man," and so great was the contrast between their warlike dispositions and the mild, peaceful dispositions of the other students, that in the year 1906 A. D. they organized themselves into tribes consisting of the "Bombastu," "Sycorax," and "Figans." That the "Brafferton Indians" will always be a distinct organization, no one can doubt, for the spirit and atmosphere that hath made us Indians will live long after the walls of our old wigwam shall have crumbled into dust beneath the weight of succeeding centuries.

WHOOP

Matanerew Sha Sha Shewan Ewano Pe-heen !!
Whe! Whe! Yah! Ha ha, nehe! Wittowa! Wittowa!

GREAT WEROWANCE.....C. B. RANSONE
WIROWANCE OF THE BOMBASTU.....J. G. UNRUH
WEROWANCE OF THE FIGANS.....M. O. TOWNSEND
WEROWANCE OF THE SYCORAX.....F. E. YANCEY
QUIYOT GHUISOCK.....C. E. KOONTZ
CRONOCKOE OF THE BOMBASTU.....D. D. SIZER
CRONOCKOE OF THE FIGANS.....K. P. BIRCKHEAD
CRONOCKOE OF THE SYCORAX.....H. L. WOMACK

WARRIORS

J. L. PATERSON
B. T. NEWTON
W. S. TERRELL
A. W. BURFOOT
F. E. GRAVES

R. P. GRAY
J. C. FREEMAN
M. P. DILLARD
J. B. TERRELL
G. F. SOMERS

A. R. KOONTZ
S. W. BARBER
A. W. LEWIS
H. F. TOMPKINS
H. H. BOXNEY



The Hen-coop Missionaries

A new department of the Home Mission Work

OBJECT

To prevent all young chickens from going astray; the older fowls from sitting out after dark, and to starve out the minks, pole-cats, and all other carnivorous impostors.

SONG

"O, de ham-bone am good, de coon am a' nice
And de 'possum am sweet as he can be,
But gimme, O gimme, I really wish you would,
Dat rooster-chicken settin' in de tree."

MEMBERS

FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT—"SPEEDY" TERRELL

WILLING WORKERS

HANKINS

KIRKMEYER

CARTER

BLUNTON

DADE

STRONG

THE DOVELL TRIO

DILLARD

W. W. COBB

A. W. LEWIS

BURFOOT

F. P. MONCURE

NOTE.—Altho' this movement is known to have existed a long time, it was here that it first took definite shape and began real *aggressive* work. In faith, they claim to be Polytheists, but their chief monk is "Jim Galt."



FERGUSON

CRAWFORD

BUNDON

HEFLIN

WIGGLESWORTH

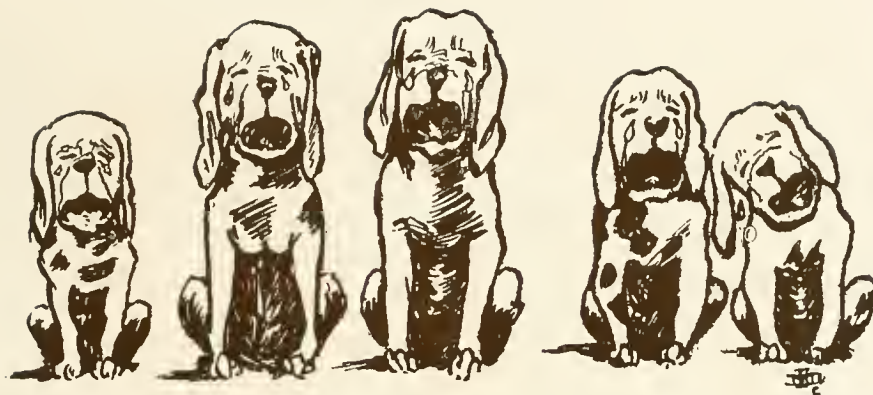
WILSON

GOODWIN

CRAWFORD

MCCANDLISH

WARRIOR



Growlers Club

COLORS

Black and Spotted

MOTTO

"Ore tennis origo male"

SONG

"We would rather growl"

MEMBERS

SIR ORACLE.....	J. W. HEFLIN
OLD LADY APOLOGY.....	FLOYD HUGHES, JR.
LINT MASTICATOR.....	J. J. WAGNER
BULL PUP WITH CANKERED COLLAR ON.....	G. O. FERGUSON
HOT AIR PROFESSOR.....	J. B. TERRELL
FROTHY FOAMS.....	ROB PERKINS
THE PEPPER-BOX SEARCH.....	M. P. DILLARD
CHORUS PUP.....	McJAMISON



Trevillian Club

MOTTO: My study is weariness of life

COLORS: Tan and Heart Red

FLOWER: Elephant-and-Fancy Sun Flower

FAVORITE SONG: "I thought I would eat myself to death"

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT: Killing Time

OFFICERS

ROBT. M. PERKINS, PRESIDENT

HARRY H. MARSDEN, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

HERBERT N. TUCKER, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

DUNCAN McRAE, SECRETARY

F. E. H. McLEAN, TREASURER

HUNTER L. GREGORY, CHAPLAIN

OTHERS

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R. S. BROOCKS

B. E. COBB

W. L. TONKIN

H. R. ETHERIDGE

G. ZACKARY

H. B. FINCH

B. CAMPBELL

G. C. TAYLOR

W. W. COBB



SWELL HEAD CLUB

PREAMBLE TO CONSTITUTION

Wherever two or three of us are gathered together, be there remembered our motto:

"Take unto thyself the credit in all things."

And be then sung our song:

"We're the only tin-cans on the dump,"

And be there repeated our creed:

"I believe in my greatness alone."

WE

I—I. Be it TERRELL

Mc—G. Almighty DOVELL

Je—Cec Big I. RANSONE

Mc—G. L. How long O Lord JOHNSON

Ich—H. Puffed Up WALL

Mich—H. Here's me YOUNG

H—G. Omnibus FERGUSON



The object of this organization is to rid the sea and land adjacent to the college of mice, snakes, lizards, snow birds, wrens, frogs, crabs, coons, skilpots, fiddlers, and all other menaces found within the limits of James City.

The members of this organization are easily recognized by the costumes they are forced to wear, which conform to those fashionable in the days of Adam.

MASTER OF THE HUNT....."PAN" alias ETHERIDGE
 MASTER OF THE HOUNDS....."ACTEON" alias EVANS
 NAVY....."SYLVANUS" alias "TOOLY" WHITE
 EQUIERRY....."NIMROD" alias H. N. TUCKER

FORAGERS AND HOOTAWAYS

"BATTING" NELSON	"PAT" FRANK	"DIDDLE-EASY" DOLD
"SIGNIOR" BERRY	"POLLY" STRYKER	"SILENT" PERSON
	DON "D—" SIZER	

We are told this organization existed in college many years, but it has only become recognized as a permanent organization since the "whale feast" of February 31st, in which "Silent" Person played the role of hest and "Post" Franck distinguished himself as Bacchus of old.

Familiar Proverbs

"College life wags on with three things—cramming, bluffing, sporting."

"Be on the sober side."

"The mumps are mighty and will prevail."

"It is a wise father that payeth not the sight drafts of his son."

"Who the daughters would please,

Out of the hearing of mama must squeeze."—Dold.

"I will make known my works to you."—Wagner.

"At every word a reputation dies."—Yancey.

"Oh! if time were money I would be a millionaire."—F. D. Crawford.

"Man was made to fish."—Etheridge.

"A lying tongue has no end."—McJamerson.

"From saying to doing is a long way."—Stubbs.

"He who blackens others does not whiten himself."—C. M. Hall.

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness.

But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."—Ferguson.

"O! my soul is parched with love."—Johnson.

"I scorn to change my state with kings."—Wing.

"Poor soul! Thy face is much abused with frowns."—Dr. Hall.

"The snowy hand detains me, then

I'll have to say good-night again."—Geo. Hawkins.

"God made him—and rested."—Butler.

Wessels—"I am certainly coming back here next year."

Cobb—"Why?"

Wessels—"Because they are going to have a '*feminine*' college in town."

"Speedy" Terrell—"I wish I knew the test for brass."

Dr. Garrett—"What do you want to know that for?"

"Speedy" Terrell—"The class wants to try that test on Parsley and Young."

Dr. Montgomery (at Stone's)—"Mr. Berry, let me see MacMillan's catalogue."

Berry—"Yes, sir; George, do you know where Mellin's catalogue is?"

George—"Nor, suh. What's wanted in dat?"

Berry—"I don't know; infant's food, I reckon!"

Northern Neck Club



MOTTO

"Now good digestion wait on appetite"

WATCHWORD

Skin 'em alive

FAVORITE STUDY

"Nature and Her Wondrous Ways," composed
by Wagner

COLORS

White, Red and Black

SONG

"Chicken"

FAVORITE DISH

Crabs

FLOWERS

Nightshade and "Two-lips"

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—H. G. CARTER
VICE-PRESIDENT—A. J. KIRKMYER
SECRETARY—H. H. BLUNDON
TREASURER—A. L. BLACKWELL
CHAPLAIN—F. W. LEWIS

MEMBERS

W. B. HURST
S. W. BARBER
B. T. NEWTON

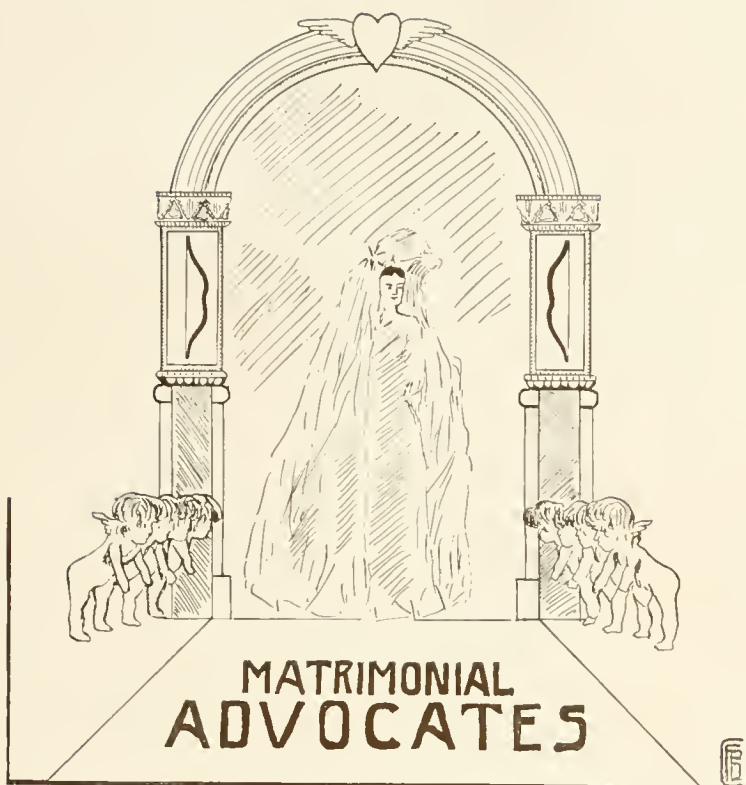
J. G. UNRUH
J. J. WAGNER
J. H. BRENT

J. R. HINTON
G. H. HINTON
C. C. SNOW

HONORARY MEMBERS

C. A. TAYLOR

G. A. DOVELL



MOTTO

"Love as hard as a mule can kick, but don't let 'em hand you the 'lemon.'"

SONG

"Taint no harm to kiss the Williamsburg Girls for they are Cousins of Mine."

PASTIME

Making eyes, playing hands and "strolling down the shady lane."

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—A. L. BLACKWELL

VICE-PRESIDENT "Pres." EUBANK

MEMBERS

S. A. McDONALD....."ENTRANCE OF MAIDENS"
W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH....."QUESTION POPPER"
THOMAS FOSTER WEST....."CHIVALROUS DEFENDER OF FAIR MAIDENS"
"F. E. Y." YANCEY....."THE IRRESISTIBLE"
W. W. COBB....."INSURANCE MAGNET"
"BABY" TOMPKINS....."BEAR AND PUG SUBSTITUTE"
REV. SIZER....."COUNTRY SPORT"
PETER PARSLLEY....."ASYLUM SPORT"
G. A. DOVELL....."AFFECTIONATE HUGGER OF LAMP POSTS"
"BEAULAH OLIVE" SOMERS....."BEST ALL ROUND CALICO SPORT"



MOTTO

"We shall drink, drink, drink, as long as wine will last"

COLORS

Either black or white

FLOWERS

Carnations and Sweet Peas

DRINKS

Champagne and Absinthe

FRUITS

Pokeberries and Locust

PASTIME

Holding her dainty hands in mine and listening to Cajo's lies

SONG

Long-meter doxology

YELL

Rah—ray—ride—
Bing-a-lang—a-slide.
Rock chalk—jay—hawk
Club—Southside.

OFFICERS

W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH, PRESIDENT

M. O. TOWNSEND, VICE-PRESIDENT

H. P. WALL, SECRETARY

F. B. WILKINSON, TREASURER

W. W. COBB, CHAPLAIN

MEMBERS

ALLEN

BERRY, W. C.

BROCKS, R. S.

COBB, W. W.

COBB, B. E.

GREGORY, H. L.

HOPKINS, W. L.

REAMS, T. H.

WALL, H. P.

WILKINSON, F. P.

WILKINSON, C. R.

WOMACK, H. L.

WRIGGLESWORTH, W. R.

TUCKER, G. H.

YANCEY, F. E.

GERMAN



CLUB

German Club

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	FLOYD HUGHES
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	H. H. MARSDEN

MEMBERS

A. V. ARNOLD	W. E. EVANS, Jr.
G. P. ARNOLD	G. O. FERGUSON, Jr.
C. M. BARNES	E. L. B. GOODWIN
C. M. BERRY	G. G. HANKINS
J. H. BOWEN	J. W. HEFLIN
F. G. BUTLER, Jr.	J. F. JONES
R. B. DADE	G. L. H. JOHNSON
D. M. DOLD	B. J. LOCHER
C. E. DOVELL	F. E. H. McLEAN
G. A. DOVELL	R. M. PERKINS
G. J. DURFEY	E. F. SHEWMAKE, Jr.
J. T. ELLIS	R. B. SMALL
H. R. ETHERIDGE	T. F. WEST, Jr.
J. S. WHITE	

MUSIC



Glee Club

FIRST TENORS

GEO HANKINS

J. B. TERRELL

G. O. FERGUSON

R. B. DADE

C. H. STONE

W. E. EVANS

SECOND TENORS

E. F. SHEWMAKE, Jr.

H. L. WOMACK

E. M. McCANDLISH

FIRST BASSOS

G. L. H. JOHNSON

F. D. CRAWFORD

C. C. DURKEE

SECOND BASSOS

W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH

F. M. CRAWFORD

PROF. R. M. CRAWFORD, Musical Director

SPOIL HARMONY QUARTETTE

FIRST TENOR—JOHN TYLER

SECOND TENOR—B. T. NEWTON

FIRST BASSO—J. F. JONES

SECOND BASSO—W. L. HOPKINS

Ballade of the Sweethearts of Lang Syne

My brothers, in the love we bear
The dear old Orange and the White,
Come, take a brief respite from care,
And pledge a health with me to-night,
Come, let us yield to fancy's flight,
And thro' time's ever gathering haze
View, in fond memory's mellow light,
The sweethearts of our college days.

And while we pledge, let no man dare,
By word or look, to cast a slight
On mem'ry of those ladies fair
To whom we drink this health to-night:
So, touch and drain your glasses quite;
Theirs be full meed of love and praise,
To whom this ballade I indite,
The sweethearts of our college days.

L'ENVOI

For each of us must own to-night,
Whate'er the part in life he plays,
They taught us *first* to love aright,
The sweethearts of our college days.

—JAMES D'ORSAY, '03.

DRAMATIC



MEMBERS

W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH
J. F. JONES
G. L. H. JOHNSON
J. B. TERRELL
S. A. McDONALD
F. M. CRAWFORD
G. O. FERGUSON, JR.
G. A. DOVELL
G. G. HANKINS
C. B. RANSOME
J. D. WING
J. H. BRENT



CLUB



OFFICERS

GEO. E. ZACHARY, PRESIDENT

E. L. B. GOODWIN, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

JNO. TYLER, MANAGER

MEMBERS

HINTON, J. R.

QUICK

ETHERIDGE

TUCKER, H. G.

ELLIS

CRAWFORD, F. M.

DOLD

TUCKER, H. N.

BIRCKHEAD

HALL, J. L.

ARNOLD, GEO.

Dr. DAVIS

PARSLEY

CARTER

GARTH

LOCHER

DOVELL, C.

WEST

McDONALD

JONES, J. F.

HALL, C. M.

LEWIS, F. W.

Dr. WILSON

The Seniors' Farewell

Having drunk of the fountain of knowledge until our mortal craniums will permit of no further expansion, we feel called upon to leave with you the following hints and monitory advice, which will undoubtedly be of infinite value:

First—Do not try to follow in John Tyler's tracks.

Secondly—Consult John Wagner before attempting "Duc" English.

Thirdly—See Dr. Hall play "Shylock" before you give up the idea of becoming an actor.

Fourthly—It is a useless loss of time to bluff Dr. Coffey.

Fifthly—If you are ever expelled, petition the Board and they will take you back.

Sixthly—If any of the Williamsburg girls get married, don't fail to notify us.

G. A. Doyell—"What do you call the costume worn by the president on the day of his inauguration?"

Jesse Ewell, Jr.—"Inaugural address."

Etheridge—"Dr. Ritchie, what kind of germs are on this slide?"

Dr. Ritchie (looking at it)—"I see cocci."

Etheridge—"Well, I can't even see the germs. How can you tell that they are 'cockeyed?'"

Miss Calico—"How did you enjoy yourself last night?"

Yancey—"Oh! I appreciated myself very much."

V. L. Arnold—"Frank, who wrote the Sketch Book?"

Frank Crawford—"Washington Irving."

Arnold—"Don't lie to me. Who wrote it, Fred?"

Fred Crawford—"George Washington, of course."

Arnold—"Frank, what did you lie to me for?"

Greenness is a universal quality, but seen to a better advantage in "Duc" Wessels.

1960.



JAMESTOWN, OLD WYTHE HOME, AND VIEW OF YORKTOWN

Sing

Sing to me softly, love, for a mystic spell
Up from the water hath risen and holdeth me thrall;
And a voice joins in chorus with thine and I may not tell
Whither it cometh, but its cadenced rise and fall
Silence doubt and whispers that all is well.

Sing to me softly, love, for no one must know
How sweet are the tones of thy voice save I alone.
And the bittern that starts from the sedge with a cry as we go
By his nest, and the night-singing mocking-bird that hath flown
From the cedar there on the bank, and the ripples that flow
From the dip of our oars, that thy song may still be mine own.

Sing to me softly, love, for the night-wind dies,
And I hear again the voice that sings with thine;
But only the musical splash of the oar replies,
Whence the phosphorous ripples of silver sparkle and shine,
And the great white whole of the moon on the still water lies.

Sing to me softly, love, for the night grows late,
And sweeter than dulcimer notes are the tones of thy voice.
Our boat may drift, and the dreams of slumber-land wait,
For I know that 'tis Love singeth with thee, and I who rejoice,
Still thee with kisses, while Love singeth on, elate.

*And now you're through, it's up to you
To say at least you've had a feast,
On pleasantest reflections.*







THE BLACKSTONE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Picture showing new Library and Assembly Hall on the left-hand side)



POINTS FOR PARENTS

Motto :

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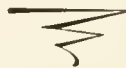
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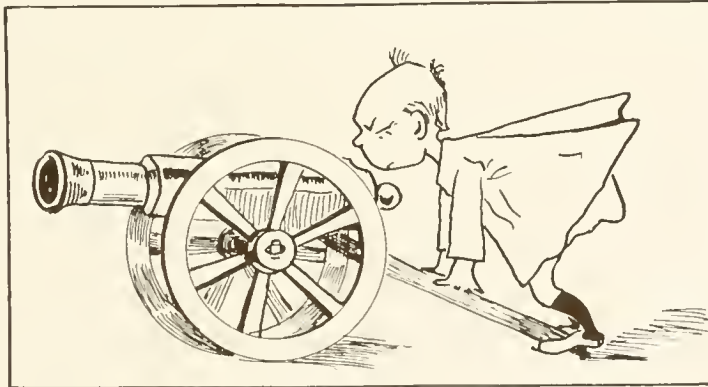
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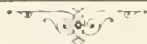
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